



Volume LVIII

OCTOBER, 1929

New Series No. 2

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



OCTOBER was the month when a real octave of international harmony was struck when the President of the United States and the Premier of Great Britain met in the glorious Autumn days, A.D., 1929. It was a fitting theme to discuss in the tenth month of the year that secured its name from the word "octo," indicating the eighth month on the Roman calendar. This might suggest that the world has moved forward apace since the heyday of Roman power based on military force. While smoking their pipes, and seated on a log, Ram-

say MacDonald and Herbert Hoover approached the agreement on a Five Power Conference for the reduction of navies as human beings, although clothed with an authority representing the power for nations that surpass that of Roman emperors. The invitations are now out and the meeting in the latter part of January will doubtless record a leap forward in the progress of peace unparalleled in the history of nations.

From the time he left his native shores until he returned, Premier MacDonald was absorbed with the one objective of his mission. The reception in New York was a veritable ovation, for it was the first time that the metropolis ever had the opportunity of welcoming a British premier. His previous visits and thorough acquaintance with Americans served him well, for he struck a popular note with his broad smiles and the hearty sincerity of his responses, making it clear that there was no idea of alliances, but just an understanding to avert misunderstandings, insisting that we cannot

think of peace in terms of war—and secure peace. He paid his tribute to the Kellogg Pact, which has been signed, declaring that war no longer enters into the minds of the signatories as a national policy—something that is not only put on paper but written in the hearts of men. The daughter, Ishbel MacDonald, a rosy-cheeked, Scotch lassie, shared the applause with her distinguished father, but was able at any and all times to speak for herself, and was wilful enough not to smile when Hector Fuller addressed her father as "Premier of the United States." The error brought an appreciative letter from the sympathetic Scotchman who knows what a tongue slip means.

* * *



Credit P & A.

Premier Ramsay MacDonald of the British Empire and his daughter on their arrival in the United States

ECHOES of the forensic debate that resounds under the glass roof of the Senate Chambers are now heard over the radio at the witching hour of ten—Eastern Standard Time. Senators discuss pro and con, the Tariff Bill, with all the solemnity of senatorial dignity. The Forum is conducted by the Washington Star and they do not seem to find difficulty in securing the willing Barkis for a speech on the radio. While these discussions lack the fire and snap of a running debate and the interpolations that add the real spice of interest in Congressional proceedings, they are at least illuminating and informative of the progress made on the calendar. Constituents at home have no difficulty in recognizing the familiar voice of their representative at the Capitol, and some voters have insisted that they were never fully aware of who the individual was, representing them in Washington, "elected

direct by the people" until they heard his voice and name over the air. "The time will yet come," said an enthusiastic radio fan, "when the national capital will become the great broadcasting station on affairs political. Possibly we might hope to have some music introduced to break the monotony."

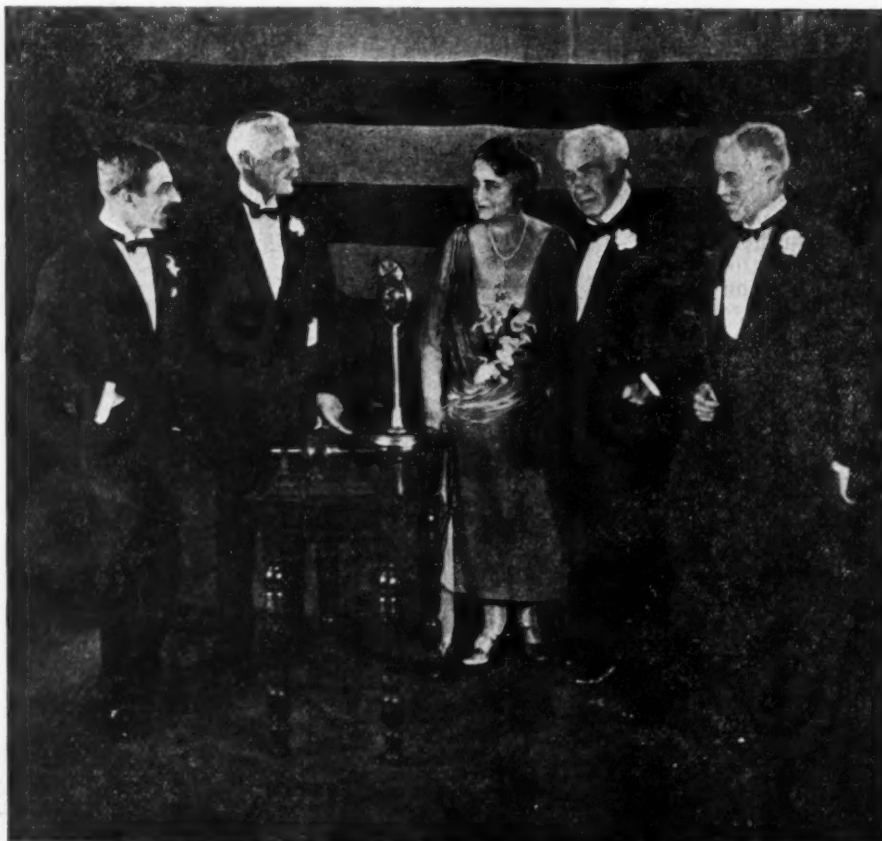
WASHINGTON and the world at large joined in the celebration October 21st, marking the half-century anniversary of Thomas Edison's invention of modern electric light. While Thomas Edison, in person, the chief figure in this eventful commemoration, was present at Henry Ford's Dearborn home, re-enacting the events of earlier life and speaking over the radio, there was a celebration in Washington at the Patent Office, where the records of his many inventions are on file. The signature to that first application for a patent has the firm and cohesive style of Edison's penmanship that reflects confidence. From the newsboy on the train, to the days of tapping the key as a telegraph operator, he was dreaming of doing things; but it was in 1879 that the scope of his genius flashed upon a startled world. The Bijou Theatre in Boston was the first to be electrically lighted, and people flocked there more to see these strange lights than they did to see the plays. Since that time the life and work of Edison has been an open book and an inspiration to the world at large. On the Sunday preceding the celebration, the churches all over the country utilized Edison and the anniversary for "inspiration" sermons and services. The Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston, together with many other public executives throughout the country issued statements calling attention to the memorable event. The little old house in Milan, Ohio, where Thomas Alva Edison was born February 11, 1847, has already become a landmark in American history. The interior of the laboratory at Menlo Park in 1879 witnessed a scene that passed in those days as merely a part of the day's work, but is now regarded as a dramatic picture in American achievement that takes its place with that of Washington crossing the Delaware and other pictures of military prowess. This is a significant evidence of the oncoming light of peace and understanding that makes it a most fitting time to celebrate an inventive triumph that has shed its rays of light to the uttermost corners of the earth.

THE contrast of the light coming from the first electric bulb of Edison's and the galaxy of United States Army searchlights was impressive, and yet it was the same basic principle in both providing contrasting radiance which seemed to challenge even the brilliancy of old Sol itself. Owing to his residence in Boston during the important inventive and creative days, and marking the place where he got his first start and first real money, the celebration in Massachusetts was conducted on a large scale by the joint committees of the Chamber of Commerce of Boston and Associated Industries of Massachusetts, un-

der the direction of Mr. C. L. Edgar, Chairman of the joint committee, who was associated with Mr. Edison in the eventful days of his great discoveries. With all these honors thrust upon him, Thomas Edison remains the same modest lover of simplicity, but never ceases to talk about "his boys" and those associated with him in the days when they were conducting campaigns intensively. His tribute to Steinmetz, the little wizard of Schenectady, was like that of a father to the memory of a beloved son.

ALTHOUGH former President Coolidge made thirty-seven adjustments under the flexible provision provided for executive decision in the last tariff law, there was a decided movement to change the smooth-running machinery and bring every detail of the changes back to the floors of Congress. The people have not been impressed with the speed and efficiency with which Congress handles tariff matters, although that is doubtless their constitutional function. What the people want in these swift-moving times is action and decision at the time they are most needed and effective. This method is demanded in these times when communication is more speedy than in the stage-coach days of the Constitution. The dear old document has been the sheet anchor and mooring for many a political discussion and has had to serve all sorts of conditions and opinions held by the majestic political leaders who proclaim themselves as defenders of the faith and keepers of the sacred rites of the Constitution.

PREMIER MACDONALD looked upon Congress and attended to the long list of social functions, which passed off without casualties; but the one high-spot of their visit was the day at Rapidan when they were the guests of President and Mrs. Hoover amid the



Secretary of the Treasury A. W. Mellon and Pres. John G. Hibben of Princeton University, with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edison at the microphone

simple surroundings of the log hut located in the area where the most desperate and bloody battles of our great fratricidal war were fought. Of course, they had to see Niagara Falls and visit Canada, where the reception from the Canadian cousins warmed the hearts of the distinguished guests. The "identic" notes are out, and the overture of a new chapter of world history has been written. Aside from all the official halo and formal proceedings, the outstanding feature of the visit of these notable guests was the fact that human nature in its best impulses dominated. The recent addition of millions of women to the British electorate, as well as in this country, made the presence of Ishbel MacDonald an important, even if unofficial, phase of the mission. Miss MacDonald, in the full bloom of her twenty-six years, gave utterance to convictions that are far-reaching in their influence. In her New York interview, she covered the whole subject in a very few words:

"Women need not be housewives, neither need they thrust themselves into the hurly-burly world in business or a professional career in order to take their full, active place in civilization and progress. By influencing groups of men, or a man, they can serve humanity as well, if not better than any other way."

That, succinctly, is the feminist doctrine which Ishbel MacDonald, the 26-year-old girl who presides over the household of Britain's prime minister and holds a position next to the Queen of England, brought with her when she came here with her father.

This ruddy-faced girl, frank and unaffected, helped her father win New York as she sat chatting with Amelia Earhart, the transatlantic flier, and greeting interviewers.

She is not pretty and, strangely, seems rather proud of that fact. But there can be no denying her charm.

With a simple corsage of lilies-of-the-valley against two orchids, she wore a black silk ensemble with white pin dots, a white tuck-in blouse of crepe de chine, gray silk hose, low-heeled black Oxfords with cut steel buckles, and a simple black felt hat with narrow horse-hair lace brim and band.

"But you haven't asked me any embarrassing questions. I'm disappointed," she laughed after she had detailed her views of a woman's mission. "These New York receptions aren't bad at all."



Edison and the late Charles Steinmetz having a conference outside the Laboratory



Thomas A. Edison in a reflective mood

She toyed with her bobbed brown hair, her large, kind, brown eyes sparkling mischievously.

"Do you intend to marry?" somebody asked.

"Oh, I haven't thought about that at all. In any case, I'd still help my father and be at his side," reflected the young woman who presides over the Premier's home at 10 Downing Street, London.

Miss MacDonald, who says she has no career, but does social and child welfare work because she wants to, approves of the modern girl.

"I guess the Victorian girl was nice, too, but I've only seen her on the stage," she said. When asked about cigarette smoking, she said: "I do not disapprove of women smoking, but I think it is an unnecessary habit, just as drinking is."

On the whole, Miss MacDonald does not appear to be the kind of a girl who would indulge in an "unnecessary habit."

* * *

AN interesting discussion was started in the cloakroom of the Senate as to the nicknames of Presidents. Many of them are already familiar, such as "Old Hickory"—Andrew Jackson was christened by followers; but few people realize that James K. Polk, from his home state, was called "Young Hickory," and had something of the characteristics of his friend and predecessor. It will be

news to Buffalo people that Fillmore, first President hailing from that city, was known as the "American Louis Philippe," because he signed the Fugitive Slave Law. President Franklin Pierce was called "Purse," because it was a golden age of prosperity, while President Buchanan acquired the nickname of "Old Public Functionary," because he had been so long in public life and laid great stress on the formality of functions. General Zach Taylor was known as "Old Rough and Ready," while John Quincy Adams maintained the distinction of being "Old Man Eloquent." Martin Van Buren was called "The Little Magician," a tribute to his skill in political manipulations.

CONGRESS all but adjourned while the World Series baseball games were in progress. All eyes were focussed on Connie Mack, the Brookfield, Mass., boy, who has persistently sought and won several pennants and William R. Wrigley, Jr., the owner of the Cubs. Wrigley became interested in owning a baseball club when a rival salesman on the road in his younger days taunted him with the fact that the Chicago baseball club was not even owned by a resident of that city. This challenge was not forgotten, and although it took twenty years, he finally became the owner of the Cubs, and has spared no expense in the plucky contest for the pennant. In baseball circles he is considered the ideal club owner, for he distributes the profits and pockets the losses, no matter how the score card stands.

ORATORY may be a lost art as far as Congress is concerned, but there are few members who do not crave the ability to "speak the speech trippingly on the tongue," and escape the drone of the "town crier" method of speaking. A new element, known as radio

announcing, has entered the realms of oratory. Along comes the well-known Milton J. Cross, who won the medal as the prize announcer of the U. S. A., giving some interesting advice concerning speaking over the radio, which applies equally as well in public speaking.

"Keeping a voice well dressed is another thing. Language, like clothing, changes in style, and while the use of slang is not considered the best form of speech, occasionally, use of idiomatic phrases helps. There is nothing that falls so flat on the listener's ear as a bit of slang or



Hon. Charles G. Dawes, United States Ambassador to Great Britain

idiom that is out of date. The announcer must use the speech of 1929 if he is speaking in that year and not the speech of 1919, which, strange to say, is actually different.

"Accents dress a voice. Just as a person may overdress, so may a voice be overdressed with accent and inflection. Too many broad A's and too frequent use of unfamiliar words will make a voice seem affected and unnatural instead of cultured.

"The cheerful voice, too, is a great asset to the announcer who wishes to be successful. Perhaps some programs require a measure of dignity that calls for a somewhat solemn delivery on the part of the announcer.

"Don't misunderstand me in the use of the word 'cheerful.' I am not an advocate of the Pollyanna school in speech or anything else. Nor do I believe that facetious or forced gaiety is necessarily cheerful. I do believe that life is a pleasant thing and that something of that pleasantness should be found in the voices of the men who are introducing or interpreting one of the greatest assets to a pleasant existence—beautiful music and absorbing entertainment."



Pierrepont Noyes, President of the Oneida Community

YEARS ago we read much of the Oneida Community located in the central part of New York. It was a community that was pointed out as a model of industry and thrift and a people living consistently and sincerely up to the tenets of their faith. Among the industries developed was a special system of silver plating which eliminated the ordinary labor problems. The business thrived under the direction of men who possessed the vision of keeping close to the sterling method of making silver goods that has stood the test of time and is found in many American homes. At the time I was there I met Pierrepont Burt Noyes, the president and managing director of the industry. There was an atmosphere of contentment and comfort everywhere apparent that made one instinctively feel interested in the ideals from which all this had come to pass. During the World War, Mr. Noyes served as Assistant Fuel Ad-

ministrator at Washington with Dr. Harry A. Garfield, the President of Williams College. As a member of the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission he made a report that was far-reaching in its effect, and had much to do with an understanding of the situation in the early days of the Soviet Government in Russia. He was decorated *Officiere del Suo Ordine della Corona* by the Italian Government for the splendid results he had achieved in his official capacity. Mr. Noyes is a business man who thinks very deeply and profoundly on fundamental subjects and his book on "While Europe Waits for Peace" published in 1921 attracted widespread attention. Six years later he launched into the literary field and wrote a novel entitled "The Pallid Giant" which indicates what a busy business man can do in his odd time by utilizing the stray moments.



Albert Bushnell Hart, Prof. Emeritus of History, Harvard University

IF I were to name an American savant I would include Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, professor-emeritus of history of Harvard College. In reading his books one has a great admiration for the erudition and scholarship of the man, but to chat with him face to face is to discover a fountain of information such as can rarely be found in one human being. He has not been the student of the cloistered sort but has known how to utilize the accumulated historical chronicles of the past and find the fundamentals upon which to base a most comprehensive perception of the present and future. In classic Cambridge, redolent with scholastic traditions, he has met in the classroom the thousands and tens of thousands of young men who will never forget the inspiration of his lectures. As an author, he has been unusually active. Alone and single-handed he has written enough books to fill "the five-foot bookshelf" proclaimed by the late President Eliot with whom he served so many years as the physical extent or size of a complete working library. While his work as an author and editor of the Harvard Graduates Magazine and American Historical Review marked a period of notable influence in these publications and took much of his time, he has also had real experience in politics as one of the close friends and supporters of the late President Roosevelt. He knows his history of the present quite as thoroughly as the records of the past. Although a mere list of his books fills nearly half a

column in "Who's Who" and his travels have reached far afield covering nearly all of the countries of the world, he has found the time to devote to Mooseheart, where over a thousand orphans are cared for and educated. Mrs. Hart wrote the hymn of "Mooseheart," which the children sing at their services. In all his life's achievements and distinctions, he declares that none of them is comparable to the honor of being a governor of Mooseheart and keeping in close touch with the young minds of boys and girls who have their own way to make in the world. This might be called the crowning achievement of the savant and scholar, Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart.

* * *

ALMOST immediately following his return from an exploration trip in Asia, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., sailed for Porto Rico to take up the duties of Governor of that Island, having been appointed by President Hoover—long before his return. With the characteristic energy of his distinguished father he has made many journeys in the unknown and unheard-of portions of the world in search of material that adds much to the sum total of knowledge concerning the people of the earth past and present. He graduated from Harvard in 1908. Serving with the 1st Division in the First Army of the American Expeditionary Forces in France he participated in several severe engagements and was wounded in the St. Mihiel offensive. His war record brought him the D. S. M. from the United States and the Legion of Honor and Croix de Guerre with three Palms from France. He was one of the original organizers of the American Legion and is a member of the National Executive Committee of the Boy Scouts of America. He served as Assistant Secretary of War in the Harding administration and made a vigorous campaign as Republican candidate for Governor of New York.



Col. Henry F. Guggenheim, recently appointed American Ambassador to Cuba by President Hoover

WHEN Harry F. Guggenheim made his proposition to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh to join him in his work of advancing aviation as an essential to the onward march of progress his words fell on willing ears. All the temptations of commercializing the epochal flight to France were put aside by the tall, angular young man who had leaped into world fame after he had left his native land with the sneers addressed to "The Flying Fool." Long years ago, Harry Guggenheim became earnestly and early interested in the

Continued on page 57

A Vendetta of the Hills

A graphic story of California in which the romantic past is welded to more prosaic days in a stirring and exciting plot that harks back to the time of the wild and woolly West when wrong was liable not to be legally punished, but relentlessly avenged

By WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

BUCK ASHLEY had retired into the partitioned-off section of the store that formed the postoffice, and was busy stamping and sorting out the mail. The scattered loiterers outside crowded into the building expectantly, and the local parliament was in session. Amid the buzz of conversation Willoughby could not but hear his own name mentioned, coupled with that of Marshall Thurston. He understood quite well that all manner of gossip was flying around in regard to the quarrel at the round-up. But he remained stoically indifferent, shut his ears, and leaning against the counter, busied himself with an old *Saturday Evening Post* that had been lying there.

At last the wicket was shoved up with a bang, and those present began to move toward the little aperture through which Buck Ashley proceeded to hand out correspondence and newspapers. One by one the throng melted away. Jack Rover was examining the big bunch of mail for San Antonio Rancho as he stowed it into the letter bag. Munson was opening and gleaming the contents of two or three letters that had come to him from New York. Dick Willoughby continued his reading, unconcerned; Jack would pass over any correspondence for him. Old Tom Baker had not risen from his accustomed seat on an empty box; he had few correspondents, and the mail did not worry him, although he invariably assisted with his presence at its distribution.

These four were now the only ones in the store besides Buck Ashley, who still remained behind the partition. At last the postmaster appeared, holding in his hand an open letter. His face showed great agitation as he glanced around to take stock of those who might be present.

"Say, boys," he whispered in a mysterious manner, as he held up the letter, "this is the most dagnation extr'ornery thing that has ever happened to me. You're just the bunch of fellers I'd like to consult. Close the door, Tom."

"What's up, Buck?" asked the sheriff as he rose to comply. "You look as if you had the ague shakes."

"No ague in this here land of California," laughed Jack Rover. "Is it a proposal of marriage you've been getting, Buck?"

"A derned heap better'n that. God 'lmighty, boys, this may means millions for all of us. Shoot the bolt, Tom; I'll hand out no more groceries tonight. Come close together, all of you. You read the letter aloud, Dick. My hand's a-tremblin', and I can't get the Frenchie's lingo just right."

"The Frenchie?" echoed Tom Baker in puzzled surprise.

"It's a letter from Pierre Luzon," explained Buck.

"Good God!" The sheriff was now as deeply stirred as his old crony.

"The bandit scout you were telling us about the other morning?" exclaimed Jack Rover, also fired with excitement.

"I thought that fellow was in San Quentin for life," remarked Munson, composedly.

"Wal, and ain't this letter from San Quentin?" retorted Buck. "See the headin'! But Dick'll read it aloud. I feel clean knocked out." And the old man sank back on his chair behind the counter.

The four others were now clustered around Dick Willoughby. The latter, deputized to do the reading, had nonchalantly taken the epistle from Buck Ashley's trembling hand. While the others were speaking he had bestowed a preliminary glance, and from his lips there escaped a murmur of surprise.

"Great Cæsar!" As he uttered the ejaculation Dick sat up, keenly alert.

"Well, what's it all about?" inquired Munson, by this time the only cool man in the bunch.

"Read, read!" cried the storekeeper hoarsely. Dick Willoughby began:

*"Mr. Buck Ashley, Storekeeper,
Tepon, California.*

"If God in His goodness permits this letter to come to your hands, remember it is from old Pierre, the Frenchman, who used to be about your store sometimes a half a day at a time, smoking his pipe. You never knew much about me or where I lived. But I will tell you.

"I am an old man now—very old. I was born in the South of France, came to this country in the '40's and entered into the service of Joaquin Murietta, who was one great man, but a big bandit. Peace to his soul! Well, he was good to me, and I was faithful to him, taking care of the cave, the big grotto, the cavern among the Tehachapi mountains where he many times hid from the sheriff's posse, and also, where he brought all his gold to stack up and keep from everybody.

"You also know Don Manuel, him whom the people call White Wolf. Well, once when a boy, Don Manuel he save Murietta's life from the sheriff by helping him to escape from one close place. Murietta was very grateful, and one day he bring the boy to the grotto cave, and there I see him and like him very much. That was while Murietta still lived.

"Afterward when the little boy grow up and was one man, and turned bitter against the gringos because they wrong his sister, Senorita Rosetta, and his old father and mother die of grief, he say to me, 'I will become a bandit like Joaquin Murietta.' He came, to the cavern one night and tell me and say, 'You be my servant.' So I say 'All right,' because Don Manuel one brave man.

"So that night of the great stage robbery over near Lake of Tulare, I hold horses. That's all I do, but all the same they put me in this horrid prison, and here I am. The other two men, Felix Vasquez and Fox Cassidy, were shot by the posse and I have been told by a Portugee in the jail here about the White Wolf being killed away north in Seattle, and he is no more.

"Don Manuel de Valencia, he was one great man. Peace to his soul!

"I am alone. I want to get away from this ter-

rrible prison. I have promised one of my guards—a good Frenchman who comes from my town in France—\$5,000 in gold if he can secretly get this letter into postoffice to you and get me away from this living hell. You do this and I show you the cavern. Nobody knows where it is but me.

"Come and get me, please, my good Mr. Ashley, come, and may the spirit of the Virgin Mary reward you. All I say here is truth. You come get me and I show you the secret grotto. I show you the great stacks of gold hidden by Joaquin Murietta and Don Manuel. Also the sand-bar in the hidden stream where Guadalupe gathered up much gold.

"I beg and pray you to keep what I say in this letter secret. I am old and weak and sick. Come and get me.

'Obedient servant,

"Pierre Luzon."

"Ain't that just one hell of a letter, boys?" exclaimed Buck Ashley.

"Gospel truth, every word," cried Tom Baker, emphatically.

"It certainly reads like the truth," concurred Munson.

"Then what are we going to do about it?" asked Jack Rover.

Dick Willoughby spoke now with the quiet and quick decision that marks the leader of men:

"What we will do is this. We five are partners in this secret, and, if Buck is willing, we'll play the game together for all it is worth. To begin with, we'll put up one hundred dollars apiece to send Tom Baker to Sacramento. He will try to get a pardon or a parole for Pierre Luzon."

"That can be managed," assented the sheriff. "I've got a political pull, you know, boys."

"Well, continued Dick, "we'll bring old Pierre here and we'll get from him the information he promises about the secret grotto."

"Not forgetting Guadalupe's placer mine," interjected Jack Rover.

"Everything will be attended to in its turn," replied Dick. "One thing at a time, and the first thing to be done is to get the Frenchman out of San Quentin. When can you start, Tom?"

"The day after tomorrow."

"Well, we'll have the cash ready for you by tomorrow night. You must bring Pierre Luzon here without anyone else besides ourselves knowing his name or getting next to him."

"I'll fix up a cot for him in my own room behind the store," suggested Buck Ashley.

"That's a good plan," assented Dick. "When the Frenchman's here, it will be time then to discuss our next move. Meanwhile, it's an honorable promise of secrecy all round, and to begin with I give my word."

While speaking the last words, Dick solemnly raised his hand, and each man in turn followed his example as he gave the pledge required.

CHAPTER IX
Tia Teresa

TEN days had passed and the count of the stock on San Antonio Rancho had been completed, every canyon searched, the last wandering maverick roped and branded, the number of fat beeves accurately estimated. Three members of the Los Angeles syndicate had arrived in a big automobile and remained over night at the ranch house. Most of the time they had been closeted with Ben Thurston in his office, and had finally taken their departure without exchanging a word with anyone else on the rancho. Nobody knew whether the deal had gone through or not, but rumor said that, after some disagreement on the first day, terms had been arranged next morning.

Dick Willoughby, although he discussed the question with no one, made his own inferences. The very fact that the visitors had not made any inspection of the property proved they they already knew it thoroughly well. The counting of the cattle and horses had been the final factor in the negotiations, and the figures had enabled the deal to advance a further stage toward completion. Ben Thurston might fool himself about easy option money put up only to be forfeited, but Dick Willoughby was not fooled. The days of closer settlement in California had come, and these Los Angeles men were the most enterprising and skilful subdividers in the West. They dealt only in big propositions, and after mopping up all the available tracts in the southern end of the State, were extending their operations northward. This vast so-called "Spanish grant," an empire in itself, had no doubt for several years been in their eye, and now they were prepared to handle the San Antonio Rancho with the lavish expenditure it deserved and required to transform the great sweep of cattle range—rich agricultural land, as the luxuriant native grasses showed—into smiling orchards and alfalfa farms, each provided with the irrigation water which intelligent conservation would ensure in abundance.

Dick knew in his heart that the era of transformation had at last come, that the roaming herds were to be pushed back into regions more remote, that homes and school-houses and garden cities would soon be dotting the landscape, that the passing of Ben Thurston, the cattle king, and of his hard-riding, devil-may-care vaqueros was at hand.

Yet Thurston spoke no word—in fact, he seemed to be more grouchy and taciturn than ever. Not even his son Marshall was in his confidence, for the young man was seldom with his father, preferring to spend his time in the drinking saloons and dance halls of Bakersfield, where the activity of oil-developing operations attracted all sorts and conditions of men, among whom the dissipated decadent had readily found friends to his liking.

Ben Thurston, who had gone the pace himself in his early days, did not seek to interfere with his son's pursuits of pleasure, but he had very promptly squelched any interference from Marshall with his own business operations. On the evening of the quarrel with Dick Willoughby at the round-up, Marshall had attempted to tell his father about the affair and suggest Dick's dismissal. But the

old man had at once silenced him by saying: "Why, damn you! I brought you out to this country to enjoy yourself and not to get into trouble. So far as Willoughby is concerned, I can't afford to quarrel with him. He is my foreman, and I am right in the midst of a big business transaction. So just you mind your own business, my boy, and leave him alone."

Accordingly, Marshall Thurston, a coward at heart, had not sought to pursue the feud single-handed, and Dick had seen but little of him during the rest of the mustering work. When they did happen to meet, it was a case of a black scowl of hate from the one and a contemptuous smile of indifference from the other. And so the days had passed until the task was finished.

It was the Sunday morning that had been fixed for the visit to the home of Mr. Ricardo Robles, when the cattle foreman could at last conscientiously take a day of recreation. With the first break of dawn he and Munson were in the saddle, for they had been invited to breakfast at La Siesta before starting with the young ladies on the ride through the oak forest.

The visitors arrived early, but not too early for their hostesses. Grace and Merle were waiting to welcome them in the portico, looking more charming than ever in their neat riding suits of khaki.

"We saw you cross the bridge," declared Grace, "and mother has gone in to order breakfast to be served. You must be hungry after your early start."

"Oh, Sing Ling didn't let us go without a cup of coffee," laughed Dick. "But I fancy we'll do full justice, all right, to the bountiful fare of La Siesta."

It proved to be a delightful meal in every way, the viands seasoned with gay repartee and laughter. A full hour had sped before Dick recalled the real object of the day's excursion.

"We usually walk to Mr. Robles' place," remarked Merle. "It is only a mile or so by the short cuts up the hill, but by the winding road it is very much longer. So we ordered our ponies."

"I see," smiled Munson, "to prolong the pleasure of our foursome among the oaks."

"Not at all, sir," retorted Grace. "The climb on foot is a stiff one, and we knew that you must be out of condition from the lazy life you are living."

"I am only waiting for Willoughby to give me a cowboy's job," replied the ex-lieutenant.

"I don't know if there will be any cowboy jobs going," observed Willoughby. "It's my belief that San Antonio Rancho is sold and is going to be broken up into small holdings."

"Oh, what a pity!" exclaimed Merle.

"From one point of view, perhaps," answered Dick. "But from a hundred other points of view, what a blessing! There will be a dozen happy homes for every steer the range now feeds!"

"But La Siesta will remain just as it is," cried Grace.

"That will be all right," replied Dick, gallantly, "it's already a happy home."

The ladies smiled pleasantly.

"Then this will mean the elimination of Mr. Ben Thurston," observed Mrs. Darlington.

"The greatest blessing of all," declared Merle, clapping her hands. "You see, I am already converted to the change, Mr. Wil-

loughby," she added merrily.

"But what about my job?" asked Munson in mock dolefulness.

"Consult Mr. Robles," laughed Grace. "He may take pity on you, and find you a place as handy man on his estate."

In merry mood they all sallied forth. The saddle horses were waiting, and standing beside them was an elderly Spanish woman. "Tia Teresa, Mr. Munson," said Mrs. Darlington by way of introduction.

Munson had often enough heard the name, and in answer to an inquiry, Willoughby had told him that the old dame had been the personal attendant of the two young ladies ever since they could remember. Tia or Aunt Teresa was now more a friend of the family than a servant of the house, and, taking her hand in salutation, Munson treated her with the affable courtesy that was her due.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," he said, raising his hat.

Tia Teresa looked pleased. Despite her seventy years, she was a buxom and splendidly preserved woman, and there was still the flash of youthfulness in her big dark eyes.

"You will look after my little girls," she said, as she gathered together the folds of her black lace mantilla. "By rights I should be coming with you, too," she added, in the manner of an true Spanish duenna.

"You forget that we are home again—in free America," laughed Merle as she settled herself in the saddle.

"Too free, I sometimes think," rejoined Tia Teresa. "But there is safety in four," she added, turning with a smile to Mrs. Darlington.

And as the young folks rode away she waved them a pleasant *adios*.

CHAPTER X

The Home of the Recluse

AT a gentle pace they wound their way through the forest of magnificent old oaks. As for Munson, riding by Grace Darlington's side, the miles were the shortest he had ever before traversed. It seemed only a few minutes before the red tiled roof and towers of a house built in the California Mission style were gleaming through the trees only a short distance ahead.

Great oaken doors closed the arched gateway, but at the clatter of hoofs and the sound of voices, a little peep-hole wicket was withdrawn. The inspection by unseen eyes apparently was satisfactory, for a moment later a postern was opened, and two men, Mexicans obviously by their garb and deferential manner, emerged to take and lead away the horses. Within the patio stood Senor Robles, his usually grave face lighted by a smile of cordial welcome.

"Let me tell you, young men," he said while shaking hands, "that while Grace and Merle are quite at home here, you are the very first strangers who have passed through my portals."

"Strangers no longer then," said Dick, good-naturedly.

"Precisely," replied Mr. Robles, "or you would not be here. But I foresee that all of us are going to be very close friends. Isn't that so, Grace, my dear?"

"I'm sure I cannot say," replied Grace, with a smile of demure innocence toward Mr.

Munson. Then she turned to Mr. Robles with a roguish twinkle in her eye. "But I've news for you. Mr. Munson has resigned from the army and is looking for a job."

"Both facts are already known to me," answered Robles, smiling.

"Oh," exclaimed Grace, "one can never surprise you, Mr. Robles. Although you live the life of a hermit, you seem to be always the first to learn everything that is going on."

"A hermit, my dear, need not necessarily be out of touch with the world," replied Robles, playfully pinching her ear. "And now, Mr. Willoughby, you came specially to see my pictures. Lead the way, Merle. Gentlemen, I say again—welcome to my mountain home."

They lingered awhile in the patio to admire the marble columns of the cloister that ran all around, the playing fountains at each of the four corners, with groups of symbolical statuary, the wealth of beautiful shrubs and flowers. On the side opposite to the gateway rose a tall tower, fashioned like the campanile of an Old Mission and crowned with bright red tiles.

"We shall ascend there later on," remarked Mr. Robles, following Dick's upward glance.

Then they passed through the wide-opened French window into the living rooms.

The first was a great apartment that occupied one entire side of the building. In the centre was a large globe of the world. Here and there were glass cases displaying manuscripts and illuminated missals. Along the walls were finely-carved bookcases filled with several thousands of volumes.

"When you have the leisure you can come and browse here," said the host, addressing both young men. "Meanwhile you may care to look at the bronzes and statuary"—this with a sweep of the hand that indicated the art treasures distributed about the apartment.

On the side of the house beneath the tower were the dining room and the billiard and smoking room. Passing through these, the visitors came to the picture gallery, a room corresponding in size to the library. Here were hung treasures of the painter's art, masterpieces signed by names that are immortal. These, as their owner again explained, had been acquired by him during several prolonged visits to Europe.

"Count this just as a preliminary survey, Mr. Willoughby," he said finally. "Then come again. There are guest chambers on either side of the gateway, and one of these will always be at your disposal when I am at home. I extend the same invitation to you, Mr. Munson."

"My word, but you may feel honored," exclaimed Grace, in unconcealed amazement.

"When I open my gates, I open my heart as well," said Robles, with a courtly little bow to his new friends.

Next they ascended the tower. Its first floor, above the living rooms, was a delightful den filled with curios of all kinds. From this sprang a winding iron staircase, up which Mr. Robles led the way.

The upper chamber, extending on all sides some distance beyond the supporting tower, proved larger than might have been expected. Its one conspicuous article of furniture was a great terrestrial telescope. The sliding panel of glass which formed a complete window all around the room showed that the instrument

could be used without obstruction in any direction.

Here a Mexican boy was on duty. When the visitors entered, his hand was resting on the telescope. A bright red sash around his waist imparted a touch of picturesqueness to his costume. He was perhaps only twelve or thirteen years of age, but wonderfully keen and alert-looking for his years. At a glance from his master, the youngster took his departure, closing the door behind him.

"Gentlemen," remarked Mr. Robles, when they were again alone, "perhaps before I brought you here I should have exacted the promise I am now going to ask you to make. Grace and Merle know that I am a recluse and wish to live undisturbed by curiosity-mongers or tittle-tattlers. I want nobody but the friends I deliberately choose to know about my habits of living or the contents of my home. Only in this way can I hope to be left alone. Therefore, please give me your word, Mr. Willoughby and Lieutenant Munson, that you will not speak with any outsider about the things I am showing you today."

The promise was instantly given and sealed by a hearty handclasp.

"Now," resumed the host in lighter tone, "perhaps you would like to view the landscape. I may explain that I had this observatory, as I call it, specially built and equipped so that I could sweep the valley from end to end. For example, I saw you two young men riding along the road this morning," he went on, with a smile. "I saw one of you alight, about twelve miles from here—it was you, lieutenant—and tighten the girths of your saddle."

"Great Scott!" murmured Munson, in half-incredulous surprise.

"Test the glass for yourself," continued Robles, as, placing one eye at the lens, he adjusted the instrument. "Look"—and he stepped back, motioning Munson to approach.

Munson peeped through the long tube and there came from his lips a cry of mingled delight and amazement.

"Dick, Dick, there's the store as large as life—Buck Ashley standing at the door and lighting a cigar. Gee whizz, and it must be twenty miles away."

He rose erect and made room for Dick. The latter gazed in silence for a few moments. When he turned to Mr. Robles he said:

"It's really wonderful—it is the most wonderful glass I ever looked through."

There was the glimmer of an exultant smile on the face of Ricardo Robles.

"I saw you at the round-up across the valley the other day," he remarked. "You were much nearer to me than is the store. And while I do not invite any confidence, Mr. Willoughby, you certainly engaged in a very spirited conversation, to say the least, with young Marshall Thurston. Indeed, I half expected to see you come to blows."

"What was that?" asked Merle in some trepidation.

Willoughby had reddened.

"Nothing of consequence," he responded, almost curtly. "I had to tell the young cub to mind his own business. That was all."

"You certainly have the whole valley under observation," remarked Munson, considerably diverting the conversation.

"Yes," assented Mr. Robles, with an almost grim smile of satisfaction. "The telescope teaches one not merely to observe, but

to reason from the facts observed. Tia Teresa evidently thought that she should have come along today to play duenna, eh, Merle?"

"You don't say you guessed that?" exclaimed Merle in great astonishment.

"Guessed it! I knew it when she raised her protesting finger."

"You are a magician, Mr. Robles," cried Grace.

"No, only a logician," was the sententious rejoinder.

"Please let me peep at our garden," asked Merle. "I wonder if mother is among her roses."

Without a word Robles swung around the instrument on its pivot and changed the focus.

"That's about right," he said, stepping back. "There is no one out of doors at present. Move the glass slightly and you can see over the entire garden."

Each girl in turn made a prolonged scrutiny; they were enchanted with the clearness and marvellous detail of the picture.

"Henceforth we'll have to be on our best behavior, Dick," laughed Munson, as they turned toward the winding stairway. "We've got to remember, Mr. Robles has a constant eye on us."

"Perhaps I've had you under observation quite a while," laughed the senior, tapping the young fellow on the shoulder.

Then he threw open the door, and, with a slight bow and extended hand, motioned to his visitors to descend. At the foot of the narrow, winding staircase they found the Mexican youth standing on guard. He bowed low as the ladies passed, and when Mr. Robles followed last of all, saluted, and then immediately returned to the chamber above, again without a single word of instruction from his master. Munson and Willoughby exchanged meaning looks; obviously a well-disciplined outlook was kept from the observatory all the time, as if from the conning-tower of a battleship.

Again the party was in the patio. Mr. Robles turned to Willoughby.

"I hope Grace and Merle have explained to you that at present I do not entertain. My own fare is of the simplest."

"Mother is to have luncheon ready at one," interposed Grace. "I caught the broiled trout myself this morning."

"You caught them ready broiled, eh?" laughed Munson.

"Oh, you know what I mean," rejoined Grace, with a pretty little moue.

"Broiled trout!" exclaimed Dick, appreciatively. "Then I think we'll be hurrying down the hill, senior." He had recognized with intuitive courtesy that the interview was at an end.

"Is he not delightful?" asked Merle, as their horses started off at a walk. "And you would never guess how sweet and kind he can be."

"I don't doubt it," assented Willoughby. "A polished gentleman, but a man of mystery, isn't he?"

"Not when you come to know him. A recluse always has his little idiosyncrasies." As she spoke, she set her pony at a canter down the gentle incline.

After luncheon, Dick found himself tete-a-tete with Mrs. Darlington in the music room. The mystery attaching to the personality of the recluse was still uppermost in his mind

An Author Among the "Cape Cod Folks"

Something concerning the work of Dorothy G. Wayman, known in literary circles as Theodate Geoffrey, author of "An Immigrant In Japan" and "Powdered Ashes" and "John Holmes at Annapolis"

IN later years Cape Cod has become famous for its literary folks. The denizens residing on this distinguished neck of land hanging out like a fish hook from the map of the U. S. A. are not all characters in Joe Lincoln's books. Some of the best musical entertainments I have ever attended were held on this same area where the Pilgrim Fathers landed. One of the most unique colony of artists hovers around Provincetown, which provided the first sight of land from the decks of the Mayflower, and as proven by the monument marks the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

At the neck of the Cape is situated Falmouth, a city with a climate that suggests the balmy English Channel breezes in Kent. Here I found a busy author. She was just then exercising the prerogatives of an editor, gathering all the distinctive current news and presenting it in the Falmouth Enterprise. In a social gathering it was Dorothy Wayman that led in a discussion that might have echoed from a Paris salon. It was a conversation that extended beyond the usual vocabulary of five hundred words and covered other subjects besides the weather, prohibition, politics or bridge. It was evident that this energetic little lady was a thinker as well as a writer. Her articles in the Saturday Evening Post, World's Work, Forum, to say nothing of the staid Boston Transcript, had already informed me as to the authorial capabilities of Dorothy G. Wayman, as she is known in private life, or "Theodate Geoffrey," the nom-de-plume which she used in the publication of her popular book "An Immigrant in Japan." In writing this book she assumed the name of the maternal ancestor who arrived on these shores in 1632, from which her maiden name of Godfrey doubtless evolved.

Educated in a convent, she spent a year at Bryn Mawr, and graduated from the School for Social Workers in Boston. With her husband and three young sons she made a home in Japan where her husband's business was located. While here she learned the language and lived among the Japanese, affording her a rare experience and providing material for her novel "Powdered Ashes" as well as several other of her popular books.

No wonder that the pine trees of Cape Cod appealed to her after leaving Japan; for the country reminded her of the Cherry Kingdom. The pine trees are a popular form of Japanese decorations and come marching down to the sea just like they do in the bits of charming landscape in old Japan. Instead of cherry blossoms, she

found the cranberry bogs; but the charm of the life among Cape Cod folk held her fast.

Working on her novels while she maintained all the standards required of a Cape Cod housekeeper, and proved with Mary Roberts Rinehart that a woman can bring up children, keep house and follow the literary profession. She had decided on an occupation that would not separate her from her children at the time they most needed a mother's sympathy and supervision. Since being alone with them, she has continued in her work of keeping the home fires burning. Having passed through the vocational analysis at the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, and venturing the psychological tests that seemed so simple in a way and yet daringly revealed the inmost secrets of one's character, her first purpose was to earn a living for herself and boys. Scheduling her time from early morning until late at night, she soon found her three small boys were real helpmates about the house. While one was running the carpet sweeper or another doing the dishes, mother was working with them to cheer them up before they were off to school. The boys kept on growing with the prolific product of her busy pen.

Having first gone to Falmouth to recuperate from a breakdown, she liked it so well that she remained with the definite determination of making it her home, even if it did involve turning out twenty thousand words of newspaper copy every week, aside from giving attention to her books.

All this has made her a believer in psycho-analysis and that the first thing to do when in doubt about yourself is to study yourself, as you would any other problem.

She commented: "One is often surprised to find unthought-of ability running around loose in the stray moments and important parts of the brain becoming atrophied because of not putting all the lobes into action and striking out to make a life tour striking on all the cylinders that brings a consciousness of reserve power never dreamed in a cursory glance of one's self."

Before she tried her wings as an author she had some rugged newspaper experience

and even losing the use of her right arm for three months did not discourage her; for she went right ahead reporting and managing a newspaper, as well as her household on the practical basis.

Her third book was entitled "John Holmes in Annapolis," a story written for boys in collaboration with her brother, Lt. Com. V. H. Godfrey, U. S. N. and published by Houghton Mifflin.

As a tribute to her home town, she wrote a book on the History of Falmouth, and while it was in verifying details she found it brought congenial contacts and endeared



Dorothy Wayman and her three sons in the Cape Cod Retreat

Falmouth even more to her than ever before, as well as to her readers. This was only the overture of plans for another novel, and betimes enjoying to the full the incomparable delights of a mother with three valiant and loving sons who have helped her to make a home that is suffused with that atmosphere of happiness in busy hours that suggests the old and tried philosophy of the ancient Samurai associated with the history of Japan. Dorothy Wayman has already identified herself as an authority on the life in Japan that has made the Island Empire of the Orient seem like a near neighbor to the big brother across the Pacific.

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

JOHN ALBERT MACY

The Author and Critic has many Favorites; Chief Among Them is Keats' "Ode to A Nightingale."

If, somewhere in the vicinity of New York publishing houses you meet a tallish man, with easy swing and if he has a whimsical smile and keen eyes that looked as if they had just discovered some new charm (or the amusing lack of it) in a new book, it might be John Albert Macy, author and critic. If you had speech with him, you would be sure to hear something worth while, a good joke, a witty criticism, something out of the commonplace that would send you on your way feeling that you had experienced something stimulating. You would gain the impression that the author enjoys laughing at things—at life perhaps—not in a cynical way but with a good-natured chuckle.

After the interesting event of being born in Detroit in 1877, time brought Mr. Macy to Harvard where he received his B. A. and M.A. While instructor of English at that university, and when associate editor of the *Youth's Companion*, or as Literary Editor of the Boston Herald, he passed upon the work of others, but soon he turned to writing and *The Bookman*, *The Dial*, *Century* and other leading magazines gave us his literary criticisms, verses and biographies.

His marriage to Anne Sullivan, famous teacher of Helen Keller, naturally gave him access to material about and by the blind girl, which he edited and arranged under the title "The Story of My Life."

Mr. Macy has given the world very enduring works, such as "The Life of Poe," said to be the finest interpretation of that mysterious genius, "The Romance of America as told in her Literature," "The Critical Game," "Story of the World's Literature" and "Guide to Reading."

When I asked Mr. Macy to name his favorite poem, he declared that he could not do so unless he named a hundred or more. Relenting, he spoke of his admiration for Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale."

My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
My senses, as though of hemlock I had drunk
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One moment past, and Lethe-ward had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light winged Dryad of the trees
Of beechen green and shadows numberless
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

There is a vague longing, often felt, and expressed in the lines—with a desire to—

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan.

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
When youth grows pale and spectre-thin and
dies

When but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs
When beauty cannot keep his lustrous eyes
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Mr. Macy declared the seventh verse of the ode to be especially fine.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird
No hungry generations tread thee down.
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown,
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth when sick for
home

She stood in tears among the alien corn.
The same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery land forlorn.

JOHN N. WILLYS

Noted Automobile Manufacturer Finds His Inspiration in one of James Whitcomb Riley's Poems

Ask nearly any boy the name and make of an automobile whizzing by and he can tell you right off the bat. Back of it is the dream of some day owning one. Since the pioneer days of automobiles, 1902, "Willys" has been a conspicuous name on the list, when a man struggling on the streets of Terre Haute, Indiana, with a small, one-lunged gasoline-propelled vehicle, boasted that he had three-horse-power and could go five hundred feet without stopping. Passersby gasped at the sight and shook their heads. "Poor nut—poor nut—screws are loose."

As a boy John N. Willys was the proud possessor of a bicycle repairing shop. Early and late he was fixing the punctures and straightening out the handlebars for his comrades. The start was made in Canandaigua, New York, the city of his birth, where he was born in 1873. From a bicycle expert he naturally evolved into selling automobiles.

A quiet man, with prematurely gray hair, gray eyes, soft spoken, but dynamic, John N. Willys is enthusiasm personified. A great lover of paintings and art, he enjoys leisure hours in the atmosphere of the old masters, yet keeping in touch with the new masters of trade.

There was a poetic glint in John Willys' eyes when, in his New York office, he gave me this analogy of the mechanism of an

automobile to the anatomy of a human body, without fear of mixing his metaphors:

"The more I am associated with automobiles, the more I see that they are something like people. They are the most human machine built. The carburetor is the heart; the engine, the lungs; the lights, the eyes; the horn, the voice; the tail light is the ear listening for the bumps behind; the condition of the body is always important for comfort; the springs are the muscles; the tires are the rubber heels; the wheels are the legs; and no automobile could amount to much without a good clutch; it is as important to have brakes to stop as it is a spark plug to start; it needs lubricant for good digestion; it needs ice water to keep cool; it enjoys a fan in hot weather; it works better late at night with the full moon shining. Motor cars appreciate cleanliness and care, and require it just the same as the human body.

"My favorite poem is James Whitcomb Riley's inspiring poem 'There is ever a song':"

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings always;
There's the song of the lark when the skies
are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies
are gray;
The sunshine showers across the grain.
And the bluebird thrills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night
through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair:
There is ever a song that our hearts may
hear—

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

JOHN ORTH

The Famous Pianist and Pupil of Liszt Finds a Heart Fire in Edward Everett Hale's Words

"John Orth is a Boston institution," said the famous Nixon Waterman and he voiced the appreciation of all who have been privileged to know the musician or to hear of his great philanthropy, his gentle spirit and his inviting personality. Intimate friends say that his principle of living—his credo—

is founded upon the famous words of Edward Everett Hale,—

"I am only One,
But still I am One.
I cannot do everything,
But still I can do something.
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something that I can do."

John Orth has proved that he can do a great deal and among the good deeds that spring from his heart comes his interest and work for the colored race, his help and teaching of many who cannot afford instruction, his interest in the poor, in animals, and countless little acts that brighten those about him. He has a loving democracy which almost makes one forget his wonderful talent as a pianist and as a composer.

Mr. Orth's Liszt recitals are of outstanding value from the fact that he is the composer's last living pupil. As a young boy he was able to gratify his great ambition to study with the venerable composer and he has a fund of interesting memories of the days when he heard Liszt play his composition of undying fame—his glorious Rhapsody.

When I asked him to give me some cherished quotation, some written thought that had influenced his life or inspired his mind, he said that a bit of prose, written years ago, expressed in some measure his deep feelings for his great teacher.

"Liszt, a spiritual giant? Certainly, and why not? The more I think of this great man the more the spiritual side of his nature looms before me. Of course we all know now what it took us some time to realize, that in a sense he was the most brilliant musician that ever lived because he was gifted in so many different and important directions,—as a man of letters, an orchestral conductor, as a pianist and as a composer."

Mr. Orth was born in Annweiler, Germany, in 1850, but his parents brought him to America when he was a year old. His boyhood was spent in Taunton, where he played the piano in public at eight and was a church organist at twelve. In Germany he studied under many great teachers, such as Kullak, Lebert, Pruckner, Deppe,—and his beloved Liszt.

Something of what music means to this great interpreter of the old masters is expressed in his favorite quotation from Plato:

"Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gayety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful."

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

The Tang of the Sea appeals to the Author of Sea Stories and he finds a Heart Voyage in Masefield's Verse

Almost without asking, one might feel that the favorite poem of Frederick O'Brien, author, would be Masefield's "Sea Fever," for this much-traveled author began life as a sailor and all his after work as a news-

paper correspondent carried his journeying.

He has lived in the Orient and Europe; he was war correspondent for the New York Herald during the Japanese-Russian War; he spent seven years in the South Seas knocking about among explored and unexplored islands; he has been around the world and visited all countries, living for a time in the West Indies. This enviable career has given him the widest knowledge and understanding of all peoples; he knows them ethnically and socially and that is why his writings are so thoroughly convincing. It is said that three quarters of the travel literature is written before the author decides to visit the places; but Frederick O'Brien need not be imaginative; he is truthfully interesting and his contributions to literature are valuable as information.

In his article, "Some Famous Vagabonds" the author gives striking portrayals of the men who have followed the instinctive urge to seek unknown and mysterious lands beyond the horizon. He writes of the greatest of all travelers, Marco Polo, Sir Richard Burton, Lafcadio Hearn, George Borrow, the gypsy and scholar, Paul Verlaine, the vagrant poet, and Jack London, who found such happiness in his craft, the "Snark."

While Mr. O'Brien has written numberless sketches, his work in book form that is best known is the "White Shadows of the South Seas." He gives the best description of the Marquesa Islands and the life in and about the tropics that has been written, for he remained to study the strange people and even the animals as well as the birds that "find no resting place on mast or tree." He has also given us "Mystic Isles" and "Atolls of the Sun."

Roaming is still an urge in his blood stream, so we may suppose by his favorite poem—

SEA FEVER

By Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer
her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and
the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey
dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again for the call
of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white
clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and
the sea gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the va-
grant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where
the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the
long trick's over.

CYRENA VAN GORDON

The Opera Star Hails a Heart Encore in the Poem of "The Rose Still Grows Beyond The Wall"

"Happy is he who has found his work," said Carlyle and there are favored ones, like Cyrena Van Gordon, mezzo-contralto

opera star, who have found their life work very early in the journey along the highway. While still a mere girl, studying music in college, Miss Van Gordon was called to sing the part of Amneris in "Aida." So instantaneous was her success that it was shown at once that opera would be her field for she possessed a talent for acting as well as a glorious voice.

This popular musician was born in Camden, Ohio, in 1893, and attended the High School in Cincinnati. Later she graduated from the College of Music in that city and studied voice under Louise Dotti.

Miss Van Gordon is particularly suited to Wagnerian opera and has had great ovations when singing Brunhilde in Valkyrie, Ortrude in Lohengrin and Erda in Siegfried. While not unusually robust in contour, she has an exceedingly deep voice of much power; her sensitively refined face has a generous and determined chin. Beauty and talent have won her success with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, and Amneris is one of her principal roles. With untiring interest she has given recitals in all the important cities and at one season gave forty-eight performances as the Hawaiian queen in the pageant, "Darkness and Light."

While singing in several different languages, Miss Van Gordon is an enthusiast on the subject of English in opera. Not only does she favor opera sung in English, but she believes that operas written by Americans would compare favorably with old-world music.

It was after the death of her mother that this gifted singer found a renewed and a particular appreciation of the poem, "The Rose Still Grows Beyond the Wall,"—a poem that has been of spiritual comfort to so many.

Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light;
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall—
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride,
It followed the light thru the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint and fall?
Nay, let us faith and hope receive,
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore—
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forevermore.

DON C. SEITZ

"The Fireman," by Finley Peter Dunne, Appeals to this Well-known Writer and Newspaper Man

"My heart throbs whenever I read Finley Peter Dunne's bit of choice prose, 'The Fireman.'" So writes Don C. Seitz from his summer home in Cos Cob, Conn. To know this newspaper manager, editor and

author, is to understand why this bit of "Mr. Dooley" writing, with its mingling of wit and pathos, would appeal to him. Many publications varying in purpose, characteristics and in their audiences, have borne the name of Don Carlos Seitz and in many cases, the policy of a publication has been shaped and its character moulded while Mr. Seitz remained modestly hidden behind the mere title of "the editorial staff."

The beginning of this brilliant career was in Portage, Ohio, in 1862, and as a minister's son an educational atmosphere and a wholesome home life was his heritage. Several colleges, however, conferred degrees—among them Bowdoin, and Mr. Seitz turned to newspaper work beginning as correspondent for the *Brooklyn Eagle* and after a time acted as city editor. He was at one time assistant publisher of the *New York Recorder*, then advertising and business manager for the *New York World*, manager of the *Evening World* and editor of *The Outlook*.

Still this man of unusual energy found time to build a name as an author and over his signature are such writings as "The Buccaneers," "Writings by and About Whistler," "Training for the Newspaper Trade," "Brains in Chains," "Discoveries in Everyday Europe," and "Uncommon Americans." Most difficult of all work is that of a biographer and the man's ability to present a portrait of his subject, to assemble entertaining facts and to take his readers into another period, has placed his name among the first biographers of his time. He has given very discriminating reflections of John Paul Jones, Joseph Pulitzer, Horace Greeley and Artemus Ward.

This man of wide reading, and wielding a versatile pen, has found satisfaction in the subtle writings of "Mr. Dooley."

The Fireman

I knowed a man by th' name of Clancey wanst, John. He was from the county May-o, but a good man for all that; and when he growed to be a big strapping fellow, he went on to the fire department.

They give him a place on thruck twenty-three. All the road was proud of him and faith, he was proud of himself. He r-rode free on the sthreet ca-ars and was the champeen hand-ball player for miles around.

Ye should see him goin' down the sthreet with his blue shirt an' his blue coat with the buttons on an' his cap on his ear. But ne'er a cap or coat did he wear when there was a fire. He might be shivrin' round the stove in the injin house with a Buffalo robe over his head, but when the gong struck, 'twas off with the cap and buffalo robe and out came Clancey bare headed, drivin' with wan line an' a-spillin' the hose cart on wan wheel at ivery jump of the horse.

Well, Clancey went to fires and fires. When the big organ factory burnt, he carried the hose up to the fourth story and was squirtin' when the wall fell. They dragged him out with pick an' shovel an' he comes up from the boards an' brick and salutes the chief.

When the Hogan flats on Halsted Street took fire they got all the people out but wan an' she was a woman asleep on the fourth flure. "Who'll go up?" says Bill Musham. "Sure, sir," says Clancey, "I'll go up." An' up he wint. His captain was a man named O'Connell from county Kerry an' he had his fut on the ladder whin Clancey started—with his wife faintin' down below. "He'll be kilt," said his brother. "Ye don't know him," says Bill Musham. An' sure enough whin ivery man had giv'n him up, out comes brave Clancey, as black as a turk with the girl in his arms.

But there come a time at the box factory that pious men had built out of celluloid and plaster of Paris an' Clancey was one of the men under her when the walls fell. I seen him bringin' him home an' the little woman met him at the door, rumplin' her apron in her hands.

CHARLES F. D. BELDEN

The Director of the World Famous Boston Library Inclines Toward Cardinal Newman's "Definition of a Gentleman"

Wherever libraries are mentioned, one is quite sure to hear the name of Charles F. D. Belden, director of the Boston Public Library since 1917. A lawyer by profession, the librarian has more than one star to which he attaches his conveyance. He has served as Secretary of the Law Faculty, Harvard Law School, Asst. Librarian of Harvard Law Library, of Social Law and the Mass. State Library.

Mr. Belden was born in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1870 and received his L.L.B. at Harvard Law School and his Hon. A.M. from that University. He is a member of the Bar Association and director of the Immigrant Educational Society. Thus he is an educator giving attention in many different cultural directions.

This talented Bostonian is a familiar figure—robust and vigorous of movement, and his keen, determined and kindly manner impresses one as he swings along about his duties. Somehow, his favorite choice of a bit of prose that has influenced him seems most fitting and one realizes that he does not fall below the mark of the high standing set up by Cardinal Newman in his "Definition of a Gentleman."

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

By Cardinal Newman

"It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This definition is both refined, and so far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free, unembarrassed action of those about him and he concurs with their movements—rather takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or convenience in arrangements of a personal nature—like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their best in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman, then, in like manner care-

fully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast, all clashing of opinions or collision of feeling, all resentment or suspicion or gloom or resentment; has great concern to make everyone at ease and at home. He has his eye on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd."

This would seem sufficiently difficult, but Cardinal Newman adds many more graces that must be observed and which, too, are ethical in nature,—among the more significant are these:

"A gentleman is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments or insinuates evil which he does not say out."

RICHARD CONNELL

The Young Author Finds His Heart Throb in French Prose

"I like Alphonse Daudet's prose writing in "The Death of the Dauphin," declared Richard Connell, author. "I like it because of its extreme simplicity, its emotion and the masterly way he has expressed a big idea in a small space."

This letter came from the young author from his Green's Farms, Conn. farm "fifty-five miles from Broadway," from which point he mails his captivating short stories which appear in the *Saturday Evening Post* and other publications of this country and England. However, Paris is such a favorite city with Mr. Connell, he passes several months there each year.

Poughkeepsie was the author's birthplace—that event occurring in 1893. He was a student at Georgetown University, but received his A.B. from Harvard. Always a writer, various kinds of creative work have claimed the author's attention, such as reporting for the *New York American*, advertising and editing. For a time he conducted the little paper *Gas Attack*, for he was a private in the 27th Division, of which it was a product. While with that noted Division, Mr. Connell served in the A. E. F. abroad and was in four great battles.

Those who have enjoyed Daudet's "Monday Tales," "The Last Lesson" and other little classics, may, too, love "The Death of the Dauphin," which begins,—

"The Dauphin is sick; the little Dauphin is going to die. In all the churches of the realm, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed night and day and tall candles are burning for the recovery of the royal child. The streets in the old residence are sad and silent; the bells no longer ring; the carriages go at a foot pace.

"About the palace the curious citizens watch the iron grills; the porters, with gilt pouches, talking in the courtyards with an air of importance.

"In his lace-bedecked crib, the little Dauphin refuses to believe in Death, finding a way to prevent it, he says, 'Let them send at once forty very strong troopers to stand guard around my bed. Let one hundred

big guns watch day and night with matches lighted under our windows and woe to Death if it dares to approach us.'

"Then he asks for his richest clothing, to make himself 'handsome to the angels.' The futility of it all is expressed in the last words of the little Dauphin when the Chaplain makes him understand the meaning of it all—the end of temporal things. Then comes his yielding, the giving up of his stand against the end,—

"Why, then to be a Dauphin is to be nothing at all."

Another literary treasure is mentioned by this author of distinctly discriminating taste, who says, "I consider James Joyce, author of 'Ulysses,' the greatest living writer."

* * *

DANIEL S. FORD

The Owner, Editor and Publisher of The "Youth's Companion" Was a Lover of the Old Hymns

With all the poems before me, given me by prominent men as favorite lines that have clung to memory, there comes to mind the men who have known the power of sentiment in everyday life,—men who have given to the public something to stir the better side of human nature. That backward glance recalls Daniel S. Ford, the owner, editor and publisher of the *Youth's Companion*.

The pages of that home paper—beloved from childhood—always carried stories and poems that belonged to a class termed "tear-starters," and "stories of human interest."

The more modern generation may smile at that particular style of writing but one needs only to recall the tremendous success that attended Mr. Ford's efforts. He sought far and wide for the most popular and high-priced writers and paid very handsomely for stories of home life—of everyday incidents. Something to stir the human heart to goodness was Mr. Ford's ideal and he never profaned his own taste for the sake of success. His paper was built upon just the qualities he himself possessed—straight-forward simplicity, absolute rectitude and ideality of purpose. In fact, he made just the kind of paper he wanted to make and it brought the widest circulation of his time. When he took over the *Youth's Companion*, it had seven thousand readers—mostly a Sunday School audience—and he raised that circulation to over half a million. The paper went into homes all over the world.

We delighted in the stories of John T. Trowbridge, Hezekiah Butterworth and C. A. Stephens, and more especially I recall the eagerness with which I watched for that Premium List, which displayed remarkable things that a boy likes to own—jack knives, jig saws, games, tools and books. In those days I never heard of Mr. Ford, because modesty (or a wonderful policy) made him hide behind the assumed firm name, that of the Perry Mason Company. Had I been given a glimpse of the man whose personality was reflected in his publication, I should have seen a rather short, well-knit figure, a face that was often serious, eyes that were keen and penetrat-

ing in their gaze and a determined mouth that relaxed to a kindly smile.

Mr. Ford was a zealous Baptist and his activities were centred in the old Ruggles Street Church. He was a distinguished figure in the congregation and was a lover of hymns of the olden time; he found profound beauty in "Abide With Me."

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

* * *

F. RAY COMSTOCK

The Celebrated Theatrical Producer Reveals a Heart Solace in Milton's Somber Prose

To F. Ray Comstock we owe a large measure of thanks for he has answered the universal cry for song and laughter. As a producer he has given the public good, clean entertainment and his plays, "Oh, Boy," "Oh, Lady, Lady," "Oh, My Dear," and "Very Good Eddie," have left trailing after them many captivating melodies that have fastened themselves in the memory.

More significant, however, is the knowledge of Russian stage art and Russian stage craft given the public in Mr. Comstock's presentation of Balieff's *Chauve Souris* and gems from the Moscow Art Theater.

Associating himself with Morris Gest, he gave us glimpses of China, in burlesque, with the musical "Chu Chin Chow," and also with Mr. Gest, "The Miracle," a master performance which demanded the reconstruction of the entire interior of the Opera House for its unforgettable presentation.

It was with a fine appreciation of dramatic art and the faith in a great artist, that led Mr. Comstock to bring Dusa back on a farewell tour and once more to give the American public an opportunity to pay homage to true art.

This theatrical producer was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1880, and was educated in the public schools. From boyhood he showed a dramatic tendency and became a devotee and a student of the drama. He is President of the Comstock Amusement Company of Chicago, but New York claims him in its dramatic activities.

It is not only the passing melodies and the modern lyrics that come to the mind of this "Musical Show" producer. Just that love of gentle rhyming, of tenderly sweet lines, makes Mr. Comstock's favorite poems, Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. The contrasting spirit in these two immortal poems deserves quoting in entirety but amongst the choicest we give random selections.

"Hence, loathed Melancholy," is remembered of our school days, but how many recall more?

"Come and trip it, as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.
Sometimes walking, not unseen
By hedgerow elms on hillocks green
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land
And the milkmaid singing blithe
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorne in the dale."

Straight mine eyes have caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures
Russet lawns and fallows grey
Where the nibbling flocks do stray
Mountains on whose barren breasts
The laboring clouds do often rest
Meadows trim, with daisies pied
Shallow brooks and rivers wide."

Then comes the sadder mood of *Il Penseroso*:—

"Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly vision is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue."

In the hurried eager rush of life we are indebted to those who call our attention to the treasures in literature that invite reflection.

* * *

H. C. WITWER

The Well-known author and Humorist who Recently passed away considered "Invictus" By Henley his Favorite Poem

Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

"Invictus" was a favorite poem that was often quoted by the late Henry Charles Witwer, author and humorist, and with his passing, recalling all the ways in which he endeared himself to his friends and to the public, I seem to catch some new meaning and subtle significance from his choice. His good nature and humor were unconquerable, indeed. Small circumstances, trivial incident and the mishaps of life he saw in a different light from his fellows and was able to give that amusing touch and coloring that displayed his genius.

Dr. Crane once said that the love of that poem by Henley was a test of the fibre of the man. If he could still declare himself the captain of his soul "when things combine to crush and humiliate, when failure leers and betrayal besmirches, then you are a thorough-bred and have a seat in the House of Lords of humanity."

H. C. Witwer fought his own way to success. He was born in Athens, Pa. and educated at St. Joseph's College. He began life as an errand boy, was a bellhop, later a manager of prize fighters; but study and development led to reporting and he served in some editorial capacity on many of the biggest newspapers in the country, including the New York Sun, The Times and Brooklyn Eagle. He was a war correspondent during the great conflict. As free lance he wrote for all the leading publications, nearly four hundred short

stories, one hundred and twenty-five motion picture scenarios and many comic strips. Largely he wrote for *Colliers* and his *Fables in Slang* made the whole country laugh, as did his *Alex, the Great* series. He also was the author of "From Baseball to Boches," "No base Like Home," "The Leather Pushers," "Fighting Blood," "Love and Learn" and several plays.

This humorist did not hesitate to use himself as a butt for his jokes and he will live in the loving memory of a vast audience, for his humor was never sharp-pointed when leveled at a friend. Many recall his amusing description of moving from a six room flat to a hundred and sixty-three story house. He said, "I hasten to state that of the stories composing my home only three are visible to the undraped eye—the remaining one hundred and sixty represent the ones I wrote in order to become a landed proprietor—in a manner of speaking."

Recalling his stories one recalls his kindly face, his wide generous mouth and keen eyes that so easily went merry. I was glad to think he found these lines his favorite:

In the fell clutch of circumstances
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade.
And yet, the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate
How charged with punishment the scroll
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul.

* * *

JAMES M. CURLEY

*The Former Mayor of Boston Entertains
His Friends with John Boyle O'Reilly's
Verse as Real Heart Throbs*

A Boston boy, a former Mayor, chooses a Boston poet as his favorite. James M. Curley is remembered as a bright alert lad, taking his studies easily in the grammar and high schools of the city. He was born in 1874 and as he grew to manhood he manifested an interest in civic matters and—politically—he "sat at the feet of his elders" with the result that he became a member of the Common Council in 1901. In the usual advancement he became a member of the sixty-second and sixty-third congress from the twelfth district. From this office he resigned to become mayor of Boston and was re-elected. During his term in office he was very gracious in his reception of foreign dignitaries and important visiting personages. Japan has bestowed upon him the Order of the Rising Sun.

He became the President of the Hibernia Savings and his business activities are Real Estate and Insurance. With his attractive family he lives in Jamaica Way.

Mayor Curley is one of many who loved and admired John Boyle O'Reilly—that strong personality who came out of Drogheda, Ireland, where he swam the Boyne

and roamed the country so famed in history. It was looking back on his boyhood days that led him to write the poem which James M. Curley gives as his favorite.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I am tired of planning and building
In the crowded hives of men,
Heart-weary of building and spoiling
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined and scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thought's endeavor
I would go where the children play
For a dreamer lives forever
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride but pity
In the burdens that rich endure
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful
And the child-mind choked with weeds
The daughter's heart grown wilful
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no: From the street's rude bustle
From the trophies of mart and stage
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadows kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river
And be loved for the dream alway
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.

* * *

KATE DOWNING GHENT

*The Alabama Author Discovers a Heart
Throb in Dryden's Paraphrase of Horace*

After writing many poems and articles, Kate Downing Ghent of Dothan, Alabama, known to readers as "Lady Betty" finds herself harking back to the days of Dryden to find a real heart throb in verse. She has written considerable verse that has a heart appeal, including "The Harp of the Winds" and "The Surgeon" an eloquent tribute to the modern doctor.

In her own sweet, charming way that suggests the gentility and courtesy of antebellum days, although born after the Civil War, Kate Downing Ghent recited in a beautiful modulated voice, Dryden's Paraphrase of Horace, as the eight lines of verse that comprehended more to her than any other quotation from the poets.

From her sick bed in the hospital she gave me this heart throb in that happy and genial manner that has been characteristic of her busy and eventful life.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own,
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate,
Are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had
my hour.

In her room was the state seal of her beloved native state, containing the motto that echoes the reflection of the earlier settlers of Alabama: "Here we rest and make our home."

* * *

EDWARD DICKINSON DUFFIELD

*The President of the Prudential Insurance
Company is one of Many Giving
Grey's Elegy as his Favorite*

When E. D. Duffield President of the Prudential Insurance Company and Director of the Guaranty Trust Company, gave me as his favorite poem, Grey's Elegy, I was impressed anew with the worth of the man and of all of his appreciation of what is fine. The poem is one that contains humbleness of spirit, broad understanding, sympathetic tolerance for the weak and faith undismayed by the futility of earthly glories. One who loves the poem must of necessity behold these qualities for we see what is within ourselves.

I was also impressed with the fact that the Life Insurance Companies of the country have on their list of officials the names of the most sterling men of the country.

Through the path of law President Duffield came to success and positions of importance. He studied law in New York, and became in time attorney general in his home state, New Jersey. He received college degrees from the college of his home city, Princeton.

E. D. Duffield is deeply interested in church work and is warm toward all philanthropies; he serves on the board of the State Reformatory. In his chosen work he has met all classes of men, all types, and men of all conditions, and perhaps that is why he loves the spirit of Grey's immortal poem.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's
shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap
Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile.
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave
Await alike the inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes the ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Universal love—a tenderness toward
mankind—is in any heart that admires and
loves this fine poetic composition.

The Various Angles of "His Answer"

A love story that involves the answer of the lover instead of the sweetheart as given in an interesting dialogue and description by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

YOU really think you—you can leave me?" spoke the girl, in a voice so quiet, and low, and hurt, that she might have been stating the incredible thing to herself alone.

"As though I wanted to!" he protested helplessly.

He was twenty, she eighteen, and the ink was yet a pin-feather blue on their high school diplomas.

For him to start life in Detroit with his eminent and kindly third cousin, in the law, rather than stay on in the home town with his father here, was matter for tragic dismay to the two innocents. Separation! The young things contemplated it as an open grave. And Detroit was as irreparably far away as—to be exact—as lunch from breakfast.

So cynicism would have put it with whimsical irony. Yet there is an instinct of a young girl's heart that jealously guards and mothers its first love. "I can't help it, Cliff," she said, "but I—I am afraid."

"Afraid? Why, of what?" He tried to laugh easily, in the manner of a grown-up man who would laugh away a woman's intuitions. "Goodness me, afraid of what?" he repeated triumphantly.

"Oh, I don't know," she said wearily, "yet I feel—that's it—I feel—that this separation will be for good."

"Oh, pshaw!" Now he was sure that it was only a silly fear—a frailty, though, that he loved her for dearly. Tasting in advance the delicious responsibility of wise comforter to this cherished being, he urged how, on the contrary, with the glorious opportunities simply beckoning to him in Detroit, he could all the sooner come for her and they would be married and

* * *

But what was the use? He was talking against a woman's instinct, though little could he think of the reverently adored little slip of girlhood beside him as a woman. So little was he a man himself that he had no glimmer of the surprises awaiting him in life, among others, and chief among others, the capacity for surprises in this same clinging little divinity walking with him now under the stars. But all that came later than this present evening when they took what might be the last of their favorite strolls on the bank of the shimmering lake, beside the railroad track. On a train on that track he would leave her. She hated it.

"So, now do you see, sweetheart?" he ended cheerily. But the quiver he kept out of his voice trembled on his heart strings.

She shook her head. She had hardly heard. It was enough for her troubled

mind trying to define the vague premonition that made the thought of separation from him nothing less than anguish.

"Still afraid?" he asked, growing the least doubtful himself.

She nodded silently.

"Then of what? Tell me. I think I—I think it's my right to know."

Instead, she took his hand and stepped up on the rail of the track. And so they walked, he with his hand steadying her, anticipating each lurch and swaying of her lissome body. This was the children part in them yet, overlapping the dawn of the man and woman. They were still play-fellows while they dealt earnestly, and in pathetic inexperience, with their first hard problem of life. To be at this play of walking a railroad rail, though they were hardly aware of it, or of where they were, or of where they were going, yet seemed to help them to think. "Sweetheart," he said gently, "please tell me."

"I think," she said slowly at last, "it's myself. I—I am afraid of myself. I am so—young. I don't know, if there's pressure on me day by day, hour by hour—and you not near me to help me resist—but what I—I might give in."

He stared at her in horror, the ingenuous horror of a boy, realizing that ideals may be clay pottery, that is, only human after all. "Forget me, you mean?" he stammered. "And after your promise.. And—and marry—another— No, no, you couldn't. I can't think of it."

Her eyes fell in a kind of shame. "There is Aunt Caroline," she reminded him.

"Your Aunt Car— Why, since your mother died she—"

"She's like the dropping water, Cliff, that will wear out a rock, 'specially when it's not a rock at all, but me. Can't you—understand?" Her body—he knew by the hand in his—fluttered piteously. "I—oh, it's too horrid to say right out," she added imploringly.

Several little incidents in her family life that he had observed now came together in his head, and they resolved themselves into the same grinning and unclean fiend as they had already with her under the wand of her intuition.

"Why—why—" he gasped. He stopped and laughed queerly. Then he shook himself. "Shucks, little girl, you're way off. Listen here; I wasn't even jealous. He must be thirty-five, at least. Of course, and he only stops over so much to visit with your aunt, since he's her nephew. Isn't he now?"

"By marriage only, Cliff. He's not any kin to me. Aunt Caroline—"

"Aunt Caroline what? Go on."

"She keeps telling me how wealthy he is, and how—oh, everything. And she watches close to see if—if—"

"Yes, if what?"

"If I treat him nice. Sometimes she—tries to tease me about him. And she looks to see if I—blush. Ouch! Cliff!"

His hand had tightened over hers. Something of the first fierceness of the lion cub was in the grip. "But you wouldn't. You've said you will be true to me. You —"

"If you are near me, yes. But if you go away, I—I can't help being afraid."

He jerked away his hand and she mechanically kept on, stepping on and off the rail. "If," he said, putting much hurt severity into his tone, "you can't hold to your word—your sacred word, Agnes—well, it'll be best for us both to find it out in time. That decides me. I'm going to Detroit all right."

He thought he heard her sob. He looked at her quickly, in sudden trouble. But starlight is near to darkness. And yet the forlorn little figure she made, stumbling blindly on the rail, let him know that she was weeping. His arms were about her before he himself knew it. She gave a little smothered cry.

"Don't, Cliff—my foot is caught."

He was almost glad that it was physical pain which made her forget that other. "Can't you pull it out? Now, while I hold you."

She tried, enduring twinges of pain. She tugged hard at the foot, and bent it back and forth, but it held fast in the frog where she had stepped as neatly as into a steel trap.

"How funny," she said, though between phrases she bit her lips, "when something happens like what you often read about. It makes you feel as if you were in a story or newspaper article."

"Won't it come, Agnes? Keep trying."

"Goodness, Cliff, don't be so cross. I am." She hesitated, then stooped to unbutton the shoe and to hide her embarrassment she went on: "In the stories a train always comes along and the person has to cut his foot off or be killed. I'm glad no—"

Both looked up and down the track. The starlit rails were lost in darkness in either direction. She laughed the least hysterically. "You see, after all, this is not a story."

"Can't you pull it out now?" he de-

Continued on page 50

Concerning a Philosopher of Contentment

O. J. Laylander, the eminent school book publisher, gives the world a remarkable autobiographic book that carries the inspiring title of "Chronicle of a Contented Man" reciting incidents from his own life as proof of his conclusions

IN the glow of his three-score and ten years Mr. O. J. Laylander of Chicago is hailed as a philosopher entitling him to remembrance by those who have been puzzled with the problems of how to make the most out of life. In all the literary output which I have been compelled to go over in many years, I have never found a book that brought more of a reaction of kindness and content in the reading than the "Chronicles of a Contented Man." It is one of the few books that fulfills the promise of the title. It was a daring project inasmuch as it does not record even the suggestion of subtle introspection, a squeak of sin, or reflect a disquisition upon the sex problem, or the new morality of decadents.

One of the firm of a large school book publishing house, the author has spent the major portion of his life in thinking about and discussing the subject matter of text books to be used by the present and future generations in the schools.

THE CHRONICLES OF A CONTENTED MAN

The Apology

I AM not a distinguished man. I have made no notable achievement in science, art, or letters. I am not the proud possessor of a rosary of titles and degrees. I have not served on the crew of the ship of state. I am not a great preacher or reformer. I have not accumulated great wealth. Nevertheless I am an unusual man, for I am a contented one.

What follows may not be dignified therefore by the term "an autobiography"; it is the simply-told story of one who has found life very interesting; whose work has been a constant joy; whose efforts have been fully rewarded. I have had no slight portions of grief and of disappointment, but they have been charged off as bad accounts in the business of living. As a result I find myself at sixty-eight a rich man.

Ripening years have their compensations. One is the ability to evaluate life experiences. It has been observed that if one wishes to die for a Cause he should do it before he reaches fifty. At a later date many things that seemed essential in early life sink into relative insignificance. One may come to appreciate those words in the Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh: "The poet has remarked that Heaven lies about us in our infancy, but I am not one of those who see in that a reason why we should lie about Heaven in our old age."

Temperament, environment, formative influences in youth, reactions to the contacts of middle age, are all factors to be reckoned with in attempting an analysis of an acquired contentment. One thing is certain: contentment is not the product of material success. The immensely wealthy seldom reach the goal, and beyond a certain point, the more wealth a man accumulates, the rarer his chance to attain content. He whose chief aim is to amass a colossal fortune for his progeny paves the way for discontent. He who has a generous surplus and fails to employ it, preferably while he is alive, in enlarging the circles of enjoyment and usefulness to worthy people and causes, misses one of the supremest pleasures of living. Poverty in youth has great compensations. Many a man owes his success to having been born poor. Poverty is usually a better heritage than unearned wealth.

Neither is contentment the necessary corollary of achieved ideals. There is greater compensation in the partial achievement of a worthy ideal than the full attainment of an unworthy one. While there are numerous conditions favorable to the realization of the contented state, such as a strong body, inherited mentality, and similar blessings, yet these are not unqualified prerequisites. There are heroes and heroines among the physically defective. I doubt if Helen Keller is a discontented soul. The foundation of contentment rests in one's philosophy of life.

One's attitude towards life is the resultant of many forces. The wider the range of one's experiences the more likely that those forces will produce the contented state.

"Contentment" is an X-ray of the career and conclusions of a man who has made a deep impression upon his day and generations in acts and deeds. It is the response from an irrepressible urge to point out the philosophy of contentment from actual experiences. Naturally, he was met with a

rebuff, that there was no such word as "contentment" in the lexicon of today; but he calmly and definitely proves that the factors of contentment are available if not suppressed.

The suggestion to write this book came to him after reading the autobiography of Herbert Quick. He knew that his own life had been much more varied and afforded an opportunity of giving from actual ex-



O. J. Laylander of the firm of Ginn & Co.
Author of "The Chronicles of a Contented Man"

perience a clearer cross-section of Middle-West life for the past sixty years than was possible in the most entertaining autobiographic story of this popular novelist. Until he found himself in his first literary productions Quick's descriptions were slow, prosaic and cramped, as compared with that of O. J. Laylander. After a boyhood on the farm in Ohio with the usual objective

of "becoming president some day" dangling before him, Mr. Laylander describes the pioneer life of the prairie and his close contact with the educational forces of the period. He has provided a vivid and realistic picture that rings with sincerity and leads on to the conviction that there is contentment ahead for he who seeks it with unbiased sincerity.

Every reader who has lived during the events he chronicles knows and understands the truth of his conclusions. The boy of eighteen left the Ohio hills and spent three years in a prairie shack in Iowa and twenty years as a student and teacher before he finally found himself an educational missionary achieving a position of influence in the firm of Ginn and Company which had become an institution in pedagogical pabulum for the nation.

Frankly, he pays tribute to those who have furnished him with food for contentment. Approaching the seventieth milestone his friends feel there must have been a mistake somewhere in the reckoning of the years—for "O. J." had maintained the spirit of youth beginning life.

In person Mr. Laylander is a picture of contentment with his wealth of gray hair, genial smile and greeting, and I cannot resist here reproducing some lines that he wrote as the seventieth birthday approached:

LOOKING BACKWARD

What shall the man at seventy say
To followers on the broad pathway?

Serene I stand upon the crest
That separates the East from West.
I'm not awary; seek not rest.
Of all the days to-day is best.

From vantage point I view the throng
Of dusty travelers, weak and strong,
Elbowing, crowding, hurrying on
To reach a goal ere day be gone.

To all this message I proclaim:
Nor rank nor gold nor well-earned fame
Will much avail in darkness deep,
Nor help to make the path less steep.

The torch of love dispels the night,
The hand of love makes burdens light.
Look ever up, be stout of heart,
Of life awaits the choicest part.

What more can one at seventy say
To followers on the broad pathway?

The success of "Contentment" encouraged him to follow it with a second book. In the original chronicles he goes back to the period of the Civil War and concludes in the whirling activities of Chicago which has been his home in later years. The vigor of the boy who studied his Caesar

Continued on page 53

C. K. Blandin's Busy Life Related In Deeds

The Wisconsin lad who started as a Printer's Devil, rang doorbells and learned how to build up circulation and establish confidence reaps his reward as a successful publisher and business man

WHENEVER the name of C. K. Blandin is mentioned among business men in the Twin Cities or among a group of newspaper publishers, a full statured, successful business man is suggested—one who exemplifies the managerial genius essential in these modern days of merging colossal industrial and commercial enterprises. And yet, he is now known as one who manages to enjoy the full measure of his success, and in enjoying his full-orbed busy life with others.

When Charles K. Blandin was born in Iola, Wisconsin on an April day in 1873 there came to the world a real business genius. At the age of ten he was a printer's devil in a newspaper in New London, Wisconsin where he laid the foundation of being a good printer with planer and mallet, rigidly disciplined in the art presentive of not only setting the type, but "justifying" the pages and getting the most out of the moveable type which glorified the epochal invention of Guttenburg many centuries before.

Like the old-time printer's devil he was an omnivorous reader and found his ideas of a life job shifted when he moved to Minnesota and passed his examination for a teachers' certificate before he was sixteen years old. He began his work as a pedagogue under a special permit and made good although he confessed frequently that he was only one night's study ahead of his class. Mind you, he was ahead, and taught with all the enthusiasm and zest of newly acquired information. It was a confining strenuous vocation and he decided that he would abandon "teaching the young idea how to shoot" and again take up the shooting stick in a country paper, which he organized at Sanborn Minnesota with an outfit "purchased on long time" and forty dollars from friends to pay the freight. Before he had his plant going he had signed up the merchants of the town on year contracts that resulted in moving him out of the red and out of debt in one year. Enthused over his early success he moved the paper to Olivia, Minnesota, a larger town where he made good profits considering his limited field. Disposing of the Olivia plant he tried his hand in the fruit and commission business with his father and brother in Manitowish, Wis., thinking that profits might come faster than in the old time print shop.

After a year of hard struggles, came the failure of 1897, in which he found future success. He arrived in Minneapolis with a few dollars, no job and a wife and baby depending upon him. Starting in at six

dollars a week in the circulation department of the Minneapolis Tribune he opened opportunities for new business, traveled far and wide, meeting the people in North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin selling dictionaries and atlases. While the profits were meagre his experiences in these days laid the foundation of one of the most successful newspaper circulation men in the country. He met the

St. Paul Dispatch. He had thrown out all his free and dead circulation and built it up on a stable foundation and George Thompson of the Dispatch afterward said the best phase of his deal was in securing C. K. Blandin.

Again he was confronted with situations glowing in "red figures," but somehow seemed to work them into the black figures of real profit. After the death of Mr.



Charles K. Blandin, A Former Newspaper Publisher Who Has Made The Business End of His Organization Function For Results

readers of his paper far afield, face to face and began steadily to receive promotions that reflected his unusual ability to manage that sensitive organism known as the "circulation" department of a newspaper. Seven years later he was called to the St. Paul Pioneer Press as circulation manager and was continued in that position when the paper was purchased by its rival the

George Thompson he purchased the Dispatch and found himself at the head of one of the largest newspaper enterprises in the Northwest, including the Pioneer Press and the St. Paul Dispatch. The success of his enterprises attracted wide attention in the newspaper field and he sold the papers for round sums in millions and retired from that activity. In the mean-

time he had become widely known throughout the country as one of the most successful publishers—proving it by the remarkable results he achieved with these newspaper enterprises.

Retiring from the newspaper business he gave his attention to the paper mill located at Grand Rapids, Minnesota which he had purchased during the war and soon had it established as one of the most successful mills in the country.

With a vision and thoroughness, characteristic of the man he had gone far afield and purchased timber to supply his mill located on the banks of the Mississippi. Here again he had proceeded sure footed with facts, exploring in person thousands of acres and knowing just what he was doing. The hardships of these cruises awakened again his love of nature and the out-doors and he established at Grand Rapids a modest home across the river from his busy plant, where the trees and flowers and shrubs and fountains all join in the merry chorus of the Mississippi where the spillways and embankments are aglow with blossoms.

On his houseboat, cruising over the waters of the beautiful lakes that dot Northern Minnesota he enjoys a quiet day away from the busy maelstrom of business although he always keeps in close touch in his investment banking enterprises. When the trip is to be made to New York he uses the airplane and calculates what it means being there just at the right time. This affords more time for leisure—if you go quick.

While C. K. Blandin is a business man to his finger tips and knows the rough road of responsibilities he has not overlooked the kindly impulses of good deeds and helpfulness of action, carrying out in the same quiet and efficient way in which he conducts other affairs.

A Christmas tree at Blandindale on the Mississippi is an event for the children of that town where a real Santa Claus appears and a real outdoor Christmas tree makes the setting of a scene that would warm the heart of Kris Kringle.

In the little cemetery at New London, Wis., he is always to be found on Memorial Day communing with the memory of a sainted mother and father to whom he was devoted. During the summer days he is close to many of his friends, who look forward to the days at Blandindale as a oasis in the hot summer months, where the inspiration of the woods, lakes and flowers brings new vigor and vitality for the strenuous routine of the everyday life.

While Mr. Blandin has been a particularly busy man in the newspaper business, a few years ago he selected a young inventor and put him to work on a newspaper conveyor to carry papers from the newspaper press to the mail room. The carrier was a success at the Dispatch and Pioneer office and since has been installed in many leading newspaper offices in this country and Australia. The business grew to such proportions that in later years it was found necessary to turn it over to a large manufacturing concern on a royalty basis.

Mr. Blandin's abilities as a "go-getter" were illustrated in the coup which went to his credit in 1916—the purchase of the Itasca Paper Company. When the print paper supply showed early signs of the crisis that came later, he was the first to sense the real situation and started for a mill which the Dispatch Printing Company could control. He received it at a reasonable price and from under the noses of scores of publishers who are now willing to admit his power of vision to accurately forecast what has since become a stern reality.

Of course, around the offices of the Dis-

patch and Pioneer Press there was another reason given for his purchase of the paper mill, viz "C. K."—as he is called—"just wanted a good place to go fishing." And the explanation of that remark is that Grand Rapids is the heart of the Minnesota North Woods, the fishing there is excellent, and Mr. Blandin loves to fish.

One shouldn't judge from that incident, however, that Mr. Blandin was a "play" publisher—one who arrives at 10 a.m., goes out to lunch at 2 p.m. and then forgets to come back for the day.

* * *

He is not. You'll find him at his desk often before any other office is open, and late at night. The fishing is one of his many ways of keeping fit, others being motoring, hunting, and in the winter, boxing and running.

Perhaps that keeping fit idea may explain some of the forcefulness which enters his conduct of the business of the two big institutions. Then again it may be the maxim which he once expressed to a friend that he "always tried to anticipate the wishes of the man higher up." What is more probable, however, is that this forcefulness results from a combination of the two—keeping in condition and the "getting results" habit.

At any rate, he has a grasp on essentials and is aggressive and his forcefulness has begun to be noted not only in St. Paul and the Northwest but also by other publishers and big business men of the country.

Mr. Blandin is extremely reserved in manner. He talks little, does much and thinks still more—and when at the editorial desk always blue-penciled all praise of himself—but now that he is away from the editorial desk—his friends have their say about the matter.

The Various Angles of "His Answer"

Continued from page 47

manded, even more crossly. "With your shoe unbuttoned—"

"I couldn't get to the bottom ones. It's pressed so tight in there—"

"Here, let me try," he said abruptly. He had been summoning courage to say it from the first.

"I 'spect you'd better," she faltered.

Blushing like a girl, though it was dark, he fell on his knees by the rail and fumbled along the hem of her skirts until his finger tips touched her ankle. "I'll be careful not to hurt," he said, so that she might know that he was very impersonal and practical, and he nerved his fingers and clasped them round the beloved divinity's ankle at her shoe top. He pulled and tugged vainly at the imprisoned foot until he heard her sharp intake of breath. He paused. "Im I hurting—"

She gave a piercing scream that raveled every nerve in him. But lasting an instant of terror longer than her scream was the deep blast of a mogul locomotive.

"Oh, it is a train! It is a train!" she panted.

On his feet, stooping low, he pulled with both hands and with brutal strength. Still the foot held fast.

"Cliff, I see it. I—"

He turned his head to look. All their horror was bounded in a distant pin-head of yellow light.

He leaped up, dove into his pockets, and was on his knees again, his knife in his hand. He worked nervously, awkwardly slashing the leather, yet trying to guide the blade by his fingers. She stared at the growing point of light, and wrung her hands or clapped them to her ears, then to her eyes. To them both came the low metallic rumbling, the quickening song of steam and death.

"Keep your foot down," he yelled at her. "Keep it down, I say. Pulling that way only wedges it tighter, and I can't . . . God, Agnes, don't . . ."

The rumbling shrieked into deafening crescendo and a yellow glare flooded over

them, and she had tried—and failed—to push him from the track, even as she sucked in her breath for the next world.

An arrow of light shot past like a comet skimming the earth. Then only the red and green dragon eyes on the end of the receding train were left in the darkness.

Her arms went in the air and stiffened. "Oh—oh!"

All ready on his feet, he caught her. He thought she was dead. But in a moment a shuddering passed over her.

"Cliff."

"It's all right," he told her. "We weren't on the main line at all. We are on a spur, what they'd call a double spur, I guess. We must 'ave strayed, not knowing."

"Cliff."

"Can you stand now? I'll finish cutting off that shoe."

He tested whether she could or not, was satisfied, and got down to his work again. Swaying, she leaned over and touched his hair with a trembling hand. The rush

Continued on page 53

"Our Jim"—A Biography

Some new chapters concerning the stirring adventuresome early career of Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinets of three Presidents—Harding, Coolidge and Hoover

From the book "Our Jim" by Joe Mitchell Chapple

MEETING a public man for the first time, one carries away some sort of an impression gained from the tone of his voice, a remark, the expression of his countenance, or even raising an eyebrow, that helps measure your estimate of an individuality. Later these impressions are confirmed, negated, or forgotten in your final analysis of personality. In the case of Jim Davis there is always a suggestion of a distinctive good humor.

It is personality backed by real worth that makes or mars all of us. 'Tis the man with the winning personality who sprints to the goal; he outdistances in the life race all his competitors who lack this quality.

Some men are born with dominant characteristics, born to be leaders of their kind, to whom others look up for guidance, and whom they are willing to follow even to the cannon's mouth.

In the long line of personages who come and go in the spotlight are individuals whose names echo and re-echo through the misty aisles of Time. While their mighty achievements have spurred the race to further effort and caused man to realize his mission as the culminating unit of all creation, you will see that it was personality that enabled these transcendent beings to accomplish.

The pivot of every great movement which revolutionizes events has been some man, who by personality has attracted and dominated. Christianity owes its origin, development and commanding influence to the human as well as the divine personality of Christ.

It was the personality of Columbus that urged him to set out over the void of a seemingly illimitable ocean, and make known to a waiting world the existence of a continent which loomed up between him and the object of his adventure.

It was the personality of Napoleon that brought together the invincible armies that aided him to brave the snows of Russia and the sands of Africa in his marches of conquest. It was the personality of Abraham Lincoln that urged hundreds of thousands to respond to his call for volunteers to preserve the unity of a mighty nation.

Personality is the ego, the very soul of man in which is centered the vitality of his being. Without it he is more or less a soulless thing, a negative instead of a positive, a neutral who passes on without improving and without benefitting.

James J. Davis is a man in whom personality is exemplified in a high degree,

likable, even lovable, a personality which always attracts—never repels. There he stands, four-square to every wind that blows, looking on the world with eyes of sympathy, of kindness, with a feeling in his heart for all humanity, a feeling ever impelling him to do what he can and all that he can to help all who are worthy of help, to lessen life's burdens, to help make this old earth a better place for the children of man. The words of the poet can fittingly be applied:

To live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that bends above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

The man who lives for good is doing his duty toward his God, himself, and his fellow-men. Yet some there are who try to live unto themselves, who consider none but themselves, who never try to look beyond their own fence. Such are foolish as well as useless, for they never pause to consider that the welfare of the whole depends upon the individual help of the many; that the whole world, the whole universe, is built up of single units and that unless each unit performs its part, the entire structure will suffer and finally collapse. A single cog of a ratchet-wheel, when it fails to do that for which it is designed, throws the whole machinery out of gear and stops progress. Each pinion, nut and bolt, however insignificant in themselves, are indispensable to the proper functioning of the whole.

So it is no individual, no matter how humble or obscure, can play a part by himself—he must act in combination with others to help all fulfill the scheme and design of an all-wise Creator. Of a necessity, a man must depend upon his fellow-man. This is the truism which "Jim" Davis realizes to the full. He knows that each has a task, a duty to perform, and that if he fails in this task or duty, society will suffer. So whenever opportunity offers, he tries to oil the wheels in such a way that each individual piece of mechanism will be in condition to assist in the revolution of the entire combination.

The enthusiasm of "Jim" Davis reinforces his personality to a wonderful extent. Enthusiastic about everything to which he puts his hand, or in which he has an interest, he has emphasized Emerson's conclusion that: "Without enthusiasm nothing great can be accomplished." Every great triumph, every great evolution,

every great advancement in the world's history, whether of individual, state, or nation, has been largely the result of enthusiasm.

Evidence of the power of friendliness was impressed upon me during the years when the fame of "Jim" Davis was in the making. Then I wondered if I was partial in my estimate of him as a friend. In all the cross-country or detour trips that I have made with him in the United States and in Europe his natural qualities and abilities never seemed to shift from the focus of "doing something for others." At random I even made inquiries concerning my friend of people in the street, of groups of workingmen in the mills and in the fields, on the trains, in clubs and hotel lobbies, and in the whirl of convention groups. There were ninety-three expressions out of one hundred responses that indicated an acquaintance and a estimate of the man, based on the feeling that they felt they knew something about him, although they had not met him in person. Many of them related the exact time and place where they had first heard of him and his work. Others gave me graphic accounts of the time when they first met him or heard him speak. As a rule, they did not deal in encomiums of generalized praise, but expressed a definite and specific impression. The keynote sounded in nearly every expression was an appreciation of the sincerity, loyalty to friends, and the fixed principles of fraternity reflected in his work. This emphasized how the world is influenced by impressions which crystallize later into specific admiration, affectionate appreciation, or a dislike and indifference to a man who stands out prominently in public life.

A courageous championship for ideals which are the common heritage of a great majority of people, whether we agree with them or not, commands admiration, but when you recognize the real feelings of the man, it becomes affectionate regard. How few public leaders are ready to go on the firing line to meet the sneers and opposition of the smug and cynical, who accept all the benefits of a social order at which they scoff as being somewhat out of date, viewed in the narrow horizon of their own self-centered selfishness.

The attitude and opposition toward collective bargaining I have seen radically changed among captains of industry and industrial leaderships after they had come to know "Jim" Davis and recalled the fact that he has been a labor leader himself. It indicated that men of fine caliber and type are naturally enlisted in the cause of

labor, reflecting the principles of Thomas Jefferson in their concern for the people representing the great mass of democracy.

When Harding was elected, it was apparent that there should be some response to the call of the farmers asking for a Secretary of Agriculture who was a dirt farmer, and it was also apparent that the Secretary of Labor should be a man who had really worked and earned his living in the sweat of industry. The selection of Davis seemed to be justified by those who had known of his work, which had met the requirements of both employer and employee, in finding a common ground to settle vexatious differences. He was at least outstanding in that particular field. Those who did not know him were drawn to him as they heard his life story or one of his speeches. Typifying a distinctive sort of an American, he demonstrated what America wanted to do for the sons and daughters of its adopted citizens. When they heard of his devotion to the work at Mooseheart carried on in the activities of sixteen hundred lodges which he had personally organized, representing nearly three quarters of a million working men, they could not resist a desire to help a self-made man in his work. His power and influence was already beginning to flower, because in his public career he had only followed up a demonstration of what he could do in private life in rallying cohesive organized effort to accomplish results for the common good.

One of the most dramatic events that I recall in his early life was a joint debate at a prominent club in New York with an eminent jurist and congressman, concerning the proposition of enrolling aliens. Those present will never forget how convincingly Davis drove home his arguments in that environment of a high-browed metropolitan professional audience, just as he did with his brother workers in the mill when a strike was threatened. In his dynamic way he did not quibble over legal technicalities, or depend upon rhetorical phrase. He talked right out of his heart, as one born an alien, pleading with those who as aliens and alien sympathizers looked upon enrollment as espionage, to remember that the nation had a right to expect from them as residents of the country an honest acknowledgment of their presence as well as their appreciation through enrollment of themselves and their places of domicile, the same duty required by native and naturalized citizens, who supported by taxation and their lives and fortunes a country where more aliens had been welcomed and had prospered than in any other country in the history of governments.

In his relations, official, business or personal, I have found a marked intense sense of loyalty toward him right down the line—inspiring enthusiastic co-operation among his co-workers in the Department.

This is exemplified in the work of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, which is necessarily complicated and complex. Statistical work is not easily understood by the vast majority of people, and unfortunately, while we are taught to read in the first

grade of the public schools, we are not taught to read statistics even in the graduating year of the leading universities, unless a special course is taken. Secretary Davis was in thorough sympathy with the purposes of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In conference he usually agreed with any line of action recommended if it did not involve a rubber stamp decision. In the language of the universities, he found he had to defend the thesis in every instance. He caught immediately the weak points; when they could not be strengthened, he had to be convinced that the weak points were not vital and did not materially militate against the value of any proposed investigation.

When Secretary Davis took charge of the Department of Labor, the Bureau was collecting statistics on industrial accidents; it was found there was no money to apportion for this particular work and he was depending upon the co-operation of the State to furnish original data. Only a few of the States were really co-operating, and he suggested to the Commissioner, Ethelbert Stewart, "Let us call a conference through the Governors and State officials who handle this work in the States, show the need for this thing, and get some punch and pep into the work of reporting these important facts." The first action along this line was taken in December, 1923, with a few of the nearby States sending representatives to a conference, when the Secretary met this group and emphasized the importance of closer contacts. Later in discussing the still very unsatisfactory collection of adequate and uniform statistics of accidents, he said: "Let us call through the Governors, a nation-wide conference," which was done in July, 1926. This was attended by representatives of thirty-three States, and was undoubtedly the most successful meeting from every point of view, both for the enthusiasm in the meeting itself and for the subsequent results and benefits to the Bureau's work, that was ever held.

As a result of an investigation into phosphorus necrosis in the manufacture of certain types of fireworks that has caused the death of many children, the Secretary called a meeting of the manufacturers and laid the situation before them. The result was an agreement that within a certain period of time such manufacture would cease and within a certain further period of time the sale of this type of fireworks by the manufacturers would end.

Upon a representation made to him of the labor conditions in the paper boxboard industry, where the twelve and thirteen-hour day and the seven-day week were very prevalent, Secretary Davis proposed and immediately called a conference of the manufacturers and laid the situation before them and secured a letter from President Coolidge expressing the hope that they would find a way of ending Sunday work and the long hours of labor in the industry.

Two conferences of this character had to be called before very much was accomplished and then Secretary Davis declared, "The Bureau of Labor Statistics should make an investigation of those paper box-

board factories that are operating on a six-day basis and eight hours a day and see whether it pays to work long hours and Sundays or not; get the relative labor cost of production between the two types of plants." This was done and the results accomplished.

The bulletin which the Secretary issued on "Humanity in Government" indicates that the Labor Department recognizes the human side of industry as all important, one that has always appealed to "Jim" Davis as a matter of first consideration in industrial adjustments.

A study of labor productivity or the efficiency of labor seemed vital. It was an expensive and a long-drawn-out undertaking. While it would develop real industrial information, it had no spectacular elements of appeal. When Commissioner Stewart proposed the subject to the Secretary, within five minutes he agreed and O. K'd the whole plan.

In the matter of the shortage of apprentices in the various industries systematically blamed upon the unions because they had a limitation of apprenticeship clause in their agreements, he found that very few employers had the number of apprentices that the agreements provided for, and that the non-union employers were no more willing to take on apprentices than the union employers.

A characteristic that enables all his associates to get along with him so well officially and personally is that he realizes that the other fellow is doing some thinking and may have purposes and methods in view that are even better than his own. On the subject of apprenticeship he gathered much new first-hand information and completed a remarkable survey of this vexed question, which means much toward giving the young man of the future an opportunity to learn a trade and earn a livelihood.

These official contacts disclosed that it sometimes happens that one who is a "good fellow" personally and socially is not always an agreeable person to work with officially, especially when he has the power and the whip hand, but Secretary Davis proves not only the prince of "good fellows," but a kindly man to work with in any capacity, for he is even congenial to those with whom he disagrees as well as those with whom he agrees.

DURING the week of August 22, 1927, on the twenty-first anniversary of his service in the cause of the Moose, I saw Jim Davis at the hall of the Academy of Music, in the full-orbed measure of his success, at the annual convention of the Order held in Philadelphia. On that week old Liberty Bell seemed to ring out a new message of freedom from poverty, distress and ignorance, in proclaiming the good news, not only to the children of the members of the Moose, or to the widows and orphans at Mooseheart, but to the children everywhere, for scores of other fraternal organizations are now doing much of the same kind of work along the pathway which he had blazed.

It was an impressive interpretation of the heart and mind of the young nation which one hundred and fifty years previous had declared to the world that the supreme function of government was "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," which in the full interpretation heralds to the children and the aged that they will be given a fair chance for this prized "pursuit of happiness" in the shower of the blessings of "life and liberty" guaranteed the people of the republic.

This memorable occasion in the City of Brotherly Love, founded by William Penn, friend of king and servant, was a most inspiring event. The benign spirit of Benjamin Franklin seemed to permeate this gathering held in the home town which he left to help create a new nation for enlisting support in France for the struggling nation and plucky Continental Army. Year by year the members of the Moose have stood loyally by the Mooseheart project, and many of the larger lodges have provided buildings for the growing city of childhood. Philadelphia Lodge presented a hospital complete, and each of the various buildings were christened with the generous heart-impulse of helpfulness, expressed in the acts of various lodges.

From 1906 to the present day business panics, war, slack times and many apparently insuperable obstacles, have appeared to impede progress in the lean years. Within his own ranks Jim Davis has faced contentions and secessions, but made every sacrifice to preserve the union and unity of the Order, to keep intact the fair name and the great work of the Moose, which has weathered many storms.

The basic unit of it is the Lodge, the foundation of the Order, which, when well organized and attuned to the proper spirit, cheerfully and enthusiastically supports all these magnificent projects for the good of the Order in particular and humanity in general.

There are now 1,709 lodges, with a membership of 650,043. The 954 Chapters of the Women of Mooseheart Legion report a net membership of 59,518. The 119 Legions of Mooseheart for Men have a total of 40,290 members. The 151 Junior Mooseheart Lodges now number 5,926 members, and the 81 Junior Legions have 8,853. This gives 3,014 units, with a grand total

of 674,630 members. The net increase for the past year has been 14,312.

During the past year there was paid out in sick benefits and funeral expenses \$2,304,490.35. In the twenty years during which the Moose have been paying such benefits, they have disbursed \$25,691,030.09. There has also been expended for extension service at Mooseheart and Moosehaven during the year the sum of \$131,238.26.

The aggregate figures speak eloquently of the heart interest of Jim Davis in all the collateral interests that are concentrating upon a continuous and never-ending campaign for humanity.

Who could ever forget that wonderful summer day on the prairies of Illinois, surrounded by the woods that bordered the rivers, when the late Thomas R. Marshall, Vice-president of the United States, himself a member of the Loyal Order of Moose, made a glowing prophecy concerning the "Dream City,"—a prophecy that has been gloriously accomplished.

Even at this time there was evidenced the atmosphere of the old farm home, when we drank milk, sat on the porch and visited the pump and the barns and the fields, from which has evolved an alluring pastoral scene.

The story of Mooseheart, simply and modestly told by "Jim" Davis, should be a permanent record in his biography.

In this address Secretary Davis recited with enthusiasm: "We have demonstrated at Mooseheart the feasibility and desirability of a balanced education, an education available to but few of the thirty million children of school age in our country.

"Half an education is sometimes worse than no education. At Mooseheart we are making well-rounded men and women by training not only the head, but the heart and hand. We intend to make Mooseheart the foremost trade school and training centre for young people in America.

"To train the head, we provide our Mooseheart children with an academic education which equals that offered by any high school in the land.

"To train the hand, we give to every child an opportunity to try out, and to choose, the craft or trade toward which he is inclined by nature, and educate him in

that trade in our vocational school shops and industrial plants.

"To train the heart, we provide that home care which children must know to appreciate the virtues of the Golden Rule, and practice them. We give to every child an opportunity to know the things which lead to higher thoughts, to music, painting, sculpture and the other arts.

"We maintain the House of God at Mooseheart, but Mooseheart knows no creeds, for all creeds are represented there, and each child is reared in the religion of its parents and in the light of the smile of the living widowed mother.

"We have shown at Mooseheart that the loss of the breadwinner does not necessarily mean the destruction of a family. Whatever remains of home ties, of home and family life, we bring to Mooseheart as a unit, having set our faces once and for all time against separation of families."

The organization at Mooseheart has been fortunate in its selection of active workers—indeed Mooseheart has never been a place for anyone with half-hearted interest. All the work goes forward cheerily and seems more like that of one big family working with a common interest—the future welfare of that family.

One of the most noticeable features appreciated by the visitor is the freedom given the children to express themselves, in speech, in dress, and in occupation. There is nothing of the "institutional" spirit there. If a child has a flare for color there is some way provided by which that taste may be gratified, even developed in a practical way, as a means of livelihood. If a boy is mechanically inclined, he is taught the fundamentals of mechanics and the dignity of that trade. If he loves to mould with his hands, the sculptor in him is cultivated.

The children are taught to appreciate all work—not one kind above another, but "whatever the hand finds to do," whether sewing, housework or creative art. The love of beauty and its relation to life, its softening influence and its eternal presence is instilled in the children. Happiness everywhere is the great goal, and no finer results are found in any system of education than are being accomplished at Mooseheart, City of Childhood.

The Various Angles of "His Answer"

Continued from page 50

of the train had taken his hat. "Cliff. Cliff, dear. Why didn't you jump when I screamed to you to?"

"Oh I—" He stopped, bending closer to cut down the toe of the leather. "I hadn't any idea it was coming so fast. Now out with the foot. There, that's bully, and I'll have to carry you."

"But the headlight, Cliff? Oh, my dear, dear lad, you knew, when that headlight reached us, there was just time to jump, and why—"

"Why—" he puzzled it out—"why," he said simply, "it never occurred to me to jump. I—the fact is, Agnes, I couldn't leave you."

She clapped her hands. "I knew it! I knew it!" she cried.

Concerning a Philosopher of Contentment

Continued from page 48

as he battled with the elements, sowing, ploughing and husking corn on the farm was reflected in his work as a teacher of teachers, when he was president of the Iowa State Normal School at Cedar Falls.

He entered business after he had passed the half century mark and made a success in the swift-moving race without suffering from high blood pressure or losing his sense of humor. He has found it all epitomized in one sentence: "Life is worth while if he can sit where he can see to

read," and as an author "O. J." as he is fondly called by his associates, has proceeded to read and reread from events garnered in an autobiographic review of himself as an impressive impersonality of life, except that now and then he chuckles to himself as he reaches a cheery conclusion resultant of rugged and hard experiences that mellow and glow in the retrospect of passing years.

A mere mention of the prominent men with whom he has broken bread and exchanged philosophic communion would in itself be attractive to satiated readers longing for some simple truths, earnestly and honestly stated, drawn from the well springs of actual experiences by millions who know how to present the magic of memories as related to the present and future.

Adventures of the Desert Angel

A western story that tingles with the atmosphere of the desert where scenes romantic transpire, where the horizons are wide and guns are handy, narrated in the interesting style of

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

SHERIFF EDWARDS was as cool and unemotional as the proverbial icicle, and in the performance of his shrievalty duties he was never known to bat an eye or draw an unnecessary breath or heart beat; but when he stumbled accidentally upon the Desert Angel he experienced a sensation in the region of his heart that was equivalent to an acknowledgment of unconditional surrender.

It was his first offence—and his last. Men of his type never surrender the second time. Experience is never wasted on them.

The sheriff found the Desert Angel in the foothills—alone, horseless, and weeping. The woebegone expression on her face was ludicrous in the extreme. Tears had rebelliously chased down the pink and white cheeks to leave little furrows on a complexion that could stand such a test.

Incidentally the sheriff noticed that she was beautiful, clad in a picturesque garb that betokened the newcomer in that part of the country, and the possessor of a wonderful pair of eyes that smiled through the tears and flashed strange messages to bewilder the mind and fancy of man.

"Why, hallo! Where's the trouble?" exclaimed the sheriff, riding up to this bewildering bunch of femininity.

The Angel looked up at him long enough to check the flow of her tears and exclaim in surprise a most expressive "Oh!"

Then seeing that it was a man who had hailed her, and an unusually good-looking specimen of his kind, she dabbed at her eyes with a ludicrously small square of cambric and forthwith tried to straighten out the rebellious strands of her hair.

The sheriff watched these proceedings with the awe of one who had made a great discovery.

"Where's the trouble, little girl?" Edwards added, when he could collect his wits. "Who's responsible for this—er—little fit of the blues? Name him, and I'll convert him into hash for you."

The tears started in the blue eyes again. "Oh, it was Billy," she stammered.

"Then Billy's fate is settled. I wouldn't give a cent for his life if I was a gambling man, but being sheriff around these here parts, I ain't allowed to play the game no more. Which way did he go?"

"Over there."

She pointed with an index finger that had more fascination for the sheriff than the direction she indicated.

"Deserted you, eh?"

"Yes. Ran away from me."

"The scoundrel! He deserves a worse fate than death."

"Oh, but he didn't intend to hurt me. It was just playfulness."

"Hugh! Playfulness! Billy must have a queer sense of play. Well, I will play with him when I catch him."

The blue eyes looked inscrutable. Then—

"You won't hurt him, will you?"

"I don't think so. He won't know it if I do, it will be so sudden-like."

"You mustn't, for I love Billy dearly."

The sheriff said something under his breath that sounded too forcible for print. The girl wondered at this and seemed to shrink from him.

"I was riding him," she added, "and dismounted to rest when—when—he broke away and ran off."

For a moment the glum face of the sheriff remained sober and impassive. Then it broke into a grin.

"You mean that Billy was a horse?"

She nodded. Edwards broke forth into a hearty laugh.

"Sure, I thought it was a man."

His laugh was infectious, and she soon joined him in it. "Say, now, that ain't so bad. I've been riding all the morning and I want some exercise. You get up here and ride Tip. I'll lead him."

The Angel looked dubious. The saddle was not designed for her sort.

"Shucks! they all ride them saddles out here."

The sheriff dismounted and helped her into the seat, unmindful of her mild protests. Then he seized the bridle.

"Where to?"

"Over there"—again pointing a finger that held his attention. "But it's a long way—five miles, I think—or more."

"Five miles makes a nice little walk. I've covered fifty without getting tired."

Of that strange trip Sheriff Edwards afterward could recall little. He walked and trotted alongside of Tip, but he never knew exactly which direction they took. He was totally oblivious of the scenery, except that reflected in a pair of blue eyes. They were large enough to contain all the world for him—and eternity, too.

At first they talked very little. Then the ice was gradually thawed out. He learned little of her antecedents, but she got his whole story from him. Somehow he babbled on about his exploits, and even boasted of some of his captures. Ordinarily a reticent man, he seemed now intent upon breaking the record for talking.

His sense of duty had grown suddenly hazy and uncertain. He knew that he was

jeopardizing his reputation and life. Once or twice he displayed a little nervousness as they defiled through the narrow passes, but it was not for himself. He was still thinking of her.

Bat Carpenter and his band of notorious outlaws were hiding somewhere in the hills, and they knew that Edwards was on their trail with the determination to exterminate them. Single-handed he had hunted them for weeks, and the chase had grown hot—so hot indeed that Bat had seriously considered the advisability of decamping.

Billy Edwards had the reputation that made criminals wary of him. They recalled with little shudders his capture of Dick Smith and two outlaws at the point of the gun, and of how he had held up Jansen and his crowd in a saloon and calmly took the leader away from them to jail.

A reputation counts for much in the game of life and death, and Bat Carpenter was no exception. Bat was a man of nerve and brains, but he had no desire to meet Billy Edwards alone unless he had the draw on him. Even then there was a possible chance of the sheriff's luck turning the tide of battle.

When they had covered five miles, Billy grew suddenly anxious.

"Much further?" he asked.

"No—I—don't think so."

Then smiling down at him, "but I ought not to take you any further. I can walk the rest of the way."

"Not if I can help it. Never enjoyed a walk more. Trot along, Tip."

They covered another two miles. The trail was getting rougher and steeper. Billy had lost his bearings. He did not remember ever having penetrated to this lonely part of the hills. The scenery was wild, rough and inspiring.

"A mighty fine place to hide in," he muttered to himself. Hearing his mumbled words, but not catching his words, she leaned toward him and smiled dazzlingly.

"What were you saying?"

"Nothing; I was just talking in my sleep."

She continued to look at him, and then pouted.

"Oh, I say now," he began, "you mustn't take it that way. I'll—"

Billy didn't finish. The Angel had brought the horse up with a sudden jerk. Some sort of animal had scooted across the trail.

"Let me have your gun, please," she whispered. "I want to see if I can shoot him there in the bushes."

Before Billy could speak or protest she had leaned over and extracted his weapon from his side pocket. Then two sharp reports broke the stillness and echoed far away among the hills. Still holding the smoking gun in her hand, she sat there looking and listening.

"I don't think I hit him," she murmured.

Then out of the bushes, not ten feet away, five dark figures rose as if by magic. Five deadly weapons were pointed at the breast of the sheriff.

It was Bat who stepped to the front and spoke—Bat, the debonair, youthful devil who had kept two counties in a state of excitement for three years.

"I guess the cards are against you, Billy," the outlaw drawled. Then turning to the fair rider:

"Thanks, Miss Elsie, you did a good job."

Billy looked from the five pointing weapons to the white face of his companion. She sat there holding his smoking weapon in her hand, but never a word from her lips. Two bright spots burned in either cheek.

Billy finally turned to his captors.

"You hold the trumps, Bat, for sure. But it takes a good hand to play them right."

"I'll play them for all they're worth, sheriff. Now if you'll kindly permit my men to search you for deadly weapons, I'll be obliged."

"No objections, Bat. I never carry but one."

They searched him nevertheless to make sure, and then as a further precaution, tied his arms securely behind him. Bat, meanwhile, stood by the side of the Angel and talked in a low tone to her.

Bat had a way with women that made him popular. There was no denying that he was a handsome devil. Watching him at a distance, Billy felt for the first time in his life a spirit of rivalry whose main spring was jealousy. The two were engaged in deep conversation. The girl was evidently protesting at something, but finally she yielded and turned a dazzling smile upon her tempter.

Billy inwardly cursed the man on whom that smile was bestowed. In that moment Billy experienced a feeling that he could not analyze. Bat was to him the personification of everything that was evil. Billy was so blind that he could not see a redeeming feature in his enemy; he was homely, awkward and cowardly. What could a woman see in him to like?

The sheriff was led in single file by two of the outlaws, who took particular caution to watch his every move with special reference to unexpected developments. Even in captivity the sheriff was feared.

Bat led the way, guiding Tip, on whose back the Angel sat jauntily. She had lost her quietness and was now laughing and talking gaily with the handsome man by her side. Several times Bat leaned toward her so that his arm rested against her body. At every such demonstration Billy ground his teeth.

The hiding spot of the outlaws was in the very heart of the hills, securely concealed from view by a network of trees

and rocks that made discovery almost impossible. They wound around among the hills in the most bewildering way. Billy wondered why they did not blindfold him.

"They think I'll never get out of here alive," he mused. "Well, if I ever do, I'll rout them out of their headquarters."

This fact was clearly evident to the outlaws. Billy was going to his execution as sure as fate, and there was no necessity of concealing from him the trail which led to their mountain retreat.

The sheriff experienced many queer sensations as he trudged along. He recalled vaguely that he had heard of a Mrs. Bat Carpenter, but nothing had ever been said about her wonderful beauty. It was a strange oversight on his part. The trick could never have been played if he had been forewarned.

"It ain't never safe to pick up little Desert Angels," he soliloquized. "They're like rattlers, and just as poisonous."

Then right on top of this bitter reflection he added, "But I'd do it again."

He looked ahead at the fair rider of Tip. The face was turned from him, but the side view sent a thrill through him. Could any man resist such a temptress?

"Well, Bat's in luck for sure," he thought. "I think I'd turn from the narrow paths of duty to pick her up."

Billy was so much in love that he found excuses for the Angel. Women were not bad at heart, but men made them so. It was not her fault—no, it was Bat's, the handsome devil!

When they arrived at the center of the great natural amphitheater, they halted before the mouth of a cave. In front of this were several crude cabins which the men occupied. There were signs around to show that the encampment had been of considerable duration. The sheriff took in the scenery with appraising eyes. Some day the details might prove of value.

Billy spent a hard night of it in the gloomy cave, trussed up like an animal and watched over by two men. In the morning he was to be shot. This sentence had been handed out to him by one of his jailers.

"Why not tonight?" Billy asked nonchalantly. "It's a good time at sunset."

The man shook his head. He was in favor of an early execution, but Bat had passed the sentence and the time for its fulfillment. The soldier in the ranks had no say about the matter.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Billy was led forth to meet his fate. His efforts to break his bonds had failed, and all through the night he had tried to plan a way of escape in vain. It was a very glum-looking group of outlaws who met him. Only Bat was smiling, greeting him affably.

"Billy, you were right," he said pleasantly, "the trump card ain't of much account unless you play it. I'm going to shuffle it back in the pack."

"Meaning," replied the sheriff, "that I'm to have another chance?"

"Yes, sheriff, a mighty good chance. Two of my men will lead you forth from here blindfolded, and then turn you loose—minus, of course, your gun and such playthings."

"It ain't necessary to blindfold me. I know the way back by heart."

"Yes, sheriff, but before you can get back with a posse we'll be miles away. We've decided to vacate the premises for good."

The sheriff stared at the speaker, in doubt and indecision. Then he asked with a sneer:

"What's the game, Bat? You ain't doing this for love of me."

"Nope—not exactly, sheriff. But you got a friend at court. She has her way this time."

Billy stared around. The Angel was not in sight. The blood rushed to his cheeks. "Your wife, you mean?" he stammered. Bat laughed good-naturedly.

"Not yet, sheriff, but soon to be."

The sheriff was unemotional by nature, but it required a good deal of self-control to keep down the passion that flared up in him.

"Bat," he said slowly, "I won't go! The price is too big. I'll stay and take my medicine."

The two men faced each other with eyes that seemed to penetrate to their very souls. The blood slowly surged into the outlaw's face; his voice was thick and husky.

"What do you mean by the price, sheriff?" he asked slowly.

Billy kicked at the rocks with one foot.

"I've decided to stay," he replied simply.

"Then, damn you! you'll stay to see the wedding and then—then—you'll pay the price of your stubbornness."

"All right, Bat, I'm willing."

Out of the darkness of the cave a figure suddenly emerged. The face was as fair to look upon as ever, but it was strangely pale and drawn. With light steps she approached the group and stopped in front of the sheriff. With appealing eyes she glanced at Billy.

"You will go, please, for my sake?"

How could any man resist the appeal? Billy gulped twice, turned his head aside and then answered:

"No, I'll stay! That's final!"

The face before him looked troubled, but a triumphant, sinister expression entered that of the outlaw.

"Let the fool stay, then," he said. "I've offered him his freedom. That's my part of the contract. Maybe he wants to be present at the ceremony."

"Oh, but he can't—he must go. I—I—can't marry you until he's safe."

The sheriff looked up with a quick smile. He had not been mistaken. The Angel was paying the price for his freedom which no man could accept. In the blue eyes he read a world of trouble, and they gave him hope and courage.

"All right, Bat," he said, turning to the outlaw, "if I'm not wanted here, I'll go. I accept your offer."

The girl's face paled, but Billy turned resolutely from it. He could not trust himself to look again.

"You got sense, sheriff," Bat drawled. "My men will show you the way. Good-bye and good luck to you."

Billy permitted himself to be blindfolded. Still bound, he was marched out

of the amphitheater and up the steep sides. His mind was working rapidly and feverishly. He had every reason now to seek life and freedom. That last glance into the Angel's eyes had revealed everything to him. She was not intentionally guilty of leading him into the trap, but having done so, she was willing to save his life at the sacrifice of her own future happiness. That was the price!

But another thing had attracted Billy's eyes, something which even the keen sight of the outlaws had failed to detect. From a high point above the trail a bearded face with a pair of keen, burning eyes, had been gazing down upon the little scene. What did it mean? At first Billy concluded that it was one of the outlaws on guard, watching the approach to their hiding place. Then he dismissed this from mind, for all of Bat's men were accounted for.

Then it could mean only one other thing—a friend!

On the strength of this possibility, the sheriff permitted himself to be blindfolded and led away from the outlaws' hiding place. But his mind was keen and alert. He purposely stumbled at times, and did everything to hold the attention of his two captors. He talked with them, made threats and laughed at their fears of future trouble that would be surely visited upon them.

Then suddenly there was a sharp crack of a gun, exploded so close to his ears that it nearly split the ear drum. It was the signal for Billy to act. With a forward lunge he knocked one of the outlaws down and fell sprawling on top. If assistance was near, this would help.

The next moment the blindfold was jerked from his eyes. The bearded face he had seen watching the outlaws was poked into his. The eyes were bloodshot and burning with an unholy fierceness. One of his captors lay dead with a bullet through his heart, and the other was sprawled on the rocks stunned by the fall and a blow from the stranger's gun.

"Unfasten this rope, quick!" Billy exclaimed, as the man continued to stare inquisitively at him. "We can't lose any time! They'll be gone!"

The stranger, without budging, calmly asked:

"Who may you be, and what were they doing with you?"

"I'm Billy Edwards—sometimes called Sheriff Edwards. But, man, quick! I must get back down there! She—she—my God! We must rescue her!"

"Yes, we certainly must! Then you ain't one of that gang?"

The stranger, without waiting for a reply, severed the ropes that held the sheriff prisoner.

"You say you're sheriff? Then how'd you get down there?"

Billy swung his arms free.

"Now for Bat and his gang!"

He stooped and loosened the gun from the hand of the dead outlaw, and then relieved the other one of his weapon. When he turned thus armed, he found the

bearded stranger regarding him curiously with his own gun pointing straight at his heart. The sheriff stared in amazement and then grinned.

"Thought I'd draw on you when I got hold of a gun, eh?" he laughed. "Well, stranger, I've given you a straight tip. I'm sheriff of this county, but in a moment of weakness Bat and his gang ambushed me. They had me down there all night, and this morning they were to shoot me. But—say," breaking off suddenly, "we must get down there in a hurry or Bat will skip. I'm going alone or—"

The man lowered his weapon.

"You bet I'll go, too," he drawled. "I got a little score to settle with this Bat. You know the trail?"

"Yep!—with my eyes closed."

"Then I'll follow."

Billy, for the sake of precaution, used the rope that had bound his hands to secure the arms of the unconscious outlaw, and then with a grunt of satisfaction led the way down the trail to the heart of the amphitheater. The stranger followed close behind. Neither spoke for a long time. When they emerged from an overhanging rock, the fierce eyes of the man blazed with horrible hatred.

"We can pick 'em off from here," he whispered, raising his gun.

"No, we're going to take 'em alive," the sheriff protested. "I never kill if I can help it. I have a particular pride in capturing Bat with the goods on him."

The man looked doubtful and hesitated for a moment. "Think we can do it?" he growled.

"Shucks! It's like picking cherries. I can do it alone."

After that they trailed down the mountain side with the stealth and wariness of two panthers. Only their sharp breathing could be heard. Once or twice Billy cast a glance across his shoulders. The blazing eyes of the man were reassuring and bade him to proceed. They came out into the middle of the valley a few rods back of the cave's mouth. From a screen of bushes they could behold the outlaws busily engaged in packing up their few possessions. Tip, Billy's horse, was being impressed into the service as a pack animal.

"Damn 'em," Billy breathed softly.

The stranger looked at him at this muttered imprecation, and Billy nodded with a grin. Then placing a hand on his companion's arm as a signal, he stepped quickly forward.

"Hands up, Bat! I'm playing the trump card now!"

The three desperate outlaws turned swiftly to face the sheriff. He carried a gun in either hand, but they could cover only two men. The stranger had not emerged from hiding.

Bat, furious with anger and realizing that he had one chance in a thousand, took the desperate risk. Instead of raising his hands, he whipped out his own gun and fired without taking aim. At almost the same instant another hand shot forward

and caught his arm. The bullet instead of speeding toward the sheriff buried itself in a tree high up on the hillside.

Bat turned with an oath to strike the hand that had spoilt his aim, but the pair of blue eyes gazing into his were alert with defiance. The Desert Angel was standing directly back of him with neither fear nor emotion depicted on her beautiful face. The unrestrained demon of savagery suddenly flashed into the eyes of Bat, and with passionate violence he turned upon her and growled:

"He'll never have you, by God! I'll kill—"

The rest of the sentence was lost. As Bat sprang forward with upraised hand, a sharp crack from the bushes brought the outlaw to his knees, snarling and raging like a cornered wild beast. Quick on the heels of the report, the bearded stranger rushed forward and felled the man with a blow with the butt of his gun.

"You skunk! You low-down coyote, take that!"

The snarl of the enraged man was short and sharp. Before he could succeed in beating the face into a pulp, a detaining hand was placed on the upraised arm.

With a gasp and a low cry of joy, he drew the Angel to his breast and gloated over her as a lion over its whelp, while the girl broke down and wept as Billy had found her doing on the desert.

The sheriff, who had not dared to fire for fear of shooting the girl behind Bat, held the other two men in subjection with his two guns until human nature could stand the strain no longer. With a drawl in his voice, he broke in upon the little scene of affection with utter disregard of the danger of diverting his mind from his prisoners.

"I say now, seeing you know the young lady well enough to kiss her in the open, it may be you can give me a proper introduction without offending anybody."

The stranger whirled around, still holding the girl in his arms. "My daughter!—you don't know her?" he exclaimed.

"I'm glad to know she's a blood relation," retorted Billy, "for if she wasn't, I ain't sure we could be such fast friends."

The Desert Angel glanced over one of the encircling arms of her parent. The eyes were blue, and the cheeks dimpling in spite of the tear stains, but the pretty face was struggling for composure.

"Oh, you did escape!" she exclaimed.

"Sure, I'm here. Didn't you notice it before?"

For reply she hid her face and blushed crimson. Billy nearly exploded his two guns in the faces of his prisoners merely to express his feelings. They cowered before his blazing eyes and meekly submitted to the indignity of being bound hand and foot. Then the sheriff looked at their unconscious leader and growled:

"Bat, that ceremony's called off. But there'll be another one soon—very soon."

And the Desert Angel, hearing, did not protest, but turned a shade pinker and kept her face averted.

A Vendetta of the Hills

Continued from page 40

but for the present the music claimed his attention.

Merle had seated herself at the grand piano and was softly fingering the keys, striking a chord here and there, until finally she drifted into Chopin's Fifth Nocturne. There was something almost divine in her interpretation. The music fairly rippled from her deft fingers, as they glided on from one beautiful cadence to another until at last, note by note, as if sobbing a reluctant adieu, the melody died away.

Both visitors were generous in their tributes of congratulation.

"Thank you," said Merle, as she arose from the piano and proceeded to unfasten the clasps of a violin case.

"What now?" exclaimed Munson.

"Oh, I am not the performer; I am merely the accompanist," and she held out a beautiful old violin to Grace. As Merle sounded a key on the piano, Grace touched the strings of the Stradivarius. When all was ready she tenderly caressed the violin with her chin, and, her bow sweeping across the instrument, Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" trembled from the strings, in soft and plaintive melody, filling the room with echoing and re-echoing notes of sweetness, while Merle's accompanying notes lent support, in blending harmony, to the rich cadences.

"Splendid! magnificent!" exclaimed the young men in unison.

Munson was now called upon to sing, and Dick felt himself at full liberty to converse with Mrs. Darlington. He broached the subject that had been occupying his thoughts.

"What is known of Senor Ricardo Robles?" he enquired. "Have you been long acquainted?"

"Oh, I have known him for many, many years," replied Mrs. Darlington. "We used to be next door neighbors in Los Angeles. That was twenty years ago. Then we returned to England—Mr. Darlington had fallen heir to the family estates. Mr. Robles used to visit us off and on. He is, as you have seen, very fond of Grace"—she paused a moment, then went on—"and of my adopted daughter Merle as well. Merle, you know, was the child of my dearest girl friend who died a year after her baby was born."

"Yes, Merle has told me this."

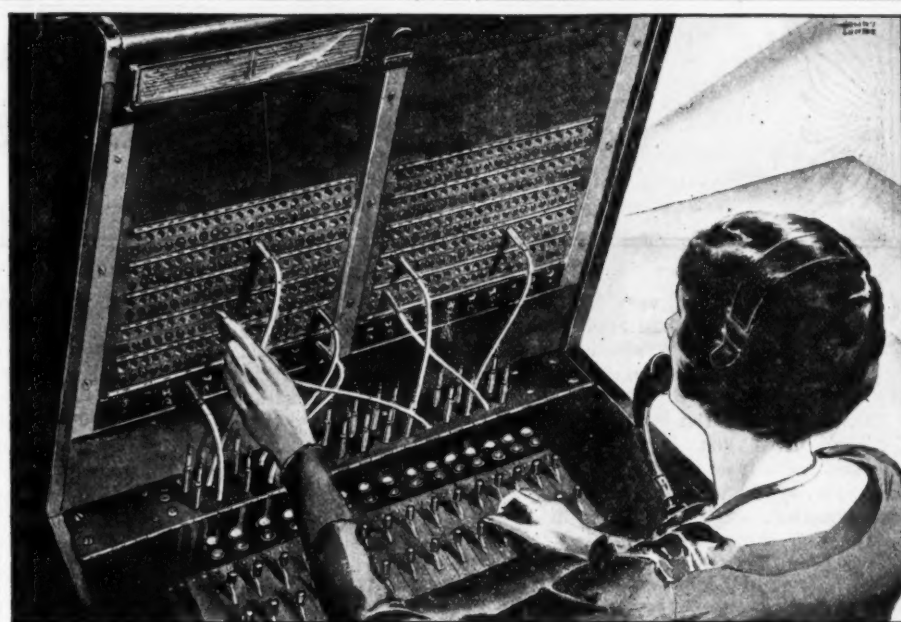
"Well, six years ago my dear husband died, and it was Mr. Robles who persuaded me to return to California. He selected this beautiful ranch for us, near to his own home. And we have all been so happy here at La Siesta."

"Mr. Robles is certainly a wonderful man, with all those art treasures around him."

"He has princely tastes and princely wealth as well—this you will have seen for yourself today. He travels a great deal abroad, sometimes for a whole year at a time, and then returns quietly to his hermitage. He has taken a great fancy to you, Mr. Willoughby. You are lucky in gaining the friendship of such a man."

"I think I'll like him, too—when I know him better," replied Willoughby, with cautious reserve.

To be Continued



THE FAR FLUNG PARTS OF AN ORGANIZATION, ITS DEALERS AND ITS CUSTOMERS, ARE BROUGHT AS CLOSE AS INSTANT SPEECH

Great strides in invention, great expenditures . . .

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company



BUSINESS, using the telephone, eliminates space and time. The far-flung parts of an organization with its dealers and customers are brought together by instant speech. The home, like the office, reaches out over an ever-widening circle of neighbors.

The telephone is tireless and quick. It runs errands near and far, transacts business, keeps friendships alive. Telephones throughout the house save time and fatigue. They bring the comforts and conveniences of the office to the women in the home.

Keeping ahead of the new developments in American life calls for great strides in inventions, great expenditures in money. The Bell System's outlay this year for new plant and service improvements is more than 550 million dollars. This is one and one-half times the cost of the Panama Canal.

This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 37

subject of aviation, for he had begun his early work as an engineer at Agascalientes, Mexico. This made him appreciate the importance of the invitation to Colonel Lindbergh to visit Mexico after he had finished his tour of this country. It was on that flight that the "Lone Eagle" found his bride, the daughter of Ambassador Morrow, in the City of Mexico. Harry Guggenheim was a naval aviator during the World War and was successively promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander after seeing service in France, Italy and England. His business activities have been commensurate with his achievements in his intensified avocation of aviation, as president of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for Promotion of

Aeronautics, which work he has directed since 1926, in connection with a large amount of other directorate work covering copper mines and smelting enterprises reaching from Alaska to Chile and all parts of the world, wherever copper is found. When the appointment of Harry Guggenheim as Ambassador to Cuba was announced, there was a general expression of approval, especially among those in touch with the capability and activity of the man. His residence in Mexico, familiarity with the Spanish language and customs of South American countries, to say nothing of his broad cosmopolitan experience, will help make his administration as Ambassador to Cuba a notable one in American diplomacy.

Tickleweed and Feathers

SHE was very slim, very fair, and passably pretty, and had applied at a certain theatre for a small part.

"You've been on the stage before, I take it?"

"O, Yes," cooed the young woman.

"Then have you any photographs of yourself with you in the parts that you have played at various times?" was the next question.

"O, yes," came the enthusiastic answer. "Here I am in a beauty lotion, and here again in a hayfever cure."

Three-year-old Billy, playing in the yard with his elders, put his finger in his mouth. "O, what a little baby!" exclaimed his aunt in mock terror. In a few minutes the finger was in the mouth again, and his aunt said the same thing, hoping to discourage the habit.

But Master Billy stood up, highly indignant, and said: "If you say that again, I'm going into the house!"—*Indianapolis News*.

Ali Baba stood before the door of the stone cavern and repeated the words that had been told to him.

"Open, Sesame!" he said loudly. Nothing happened.

"Open Sesame!" he said, more loudly. Less than nothing happened.

Finally he fairly bellowed: "Open Sesame!" This time the great stone door rolled aside and a weazened old man peeped from the opening.

"Come around tomorrow night, son," he said; "the place has just been raided."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

Having been married three years, the couple were quarrelling while waiting for their lunch at rather a modest restaurant.

She was grumbling because he would never take her now to the luxurious restaurants which had been a feature of their honeymoon.

"I never thought I'd be taken to a place like this!" she said.

"You can't have a brass band wherever you go," answered her husband angrily.

"Oh, yes, I can," snapped his wife. "I've got it with me now—on my finger."

He (hearing the singing of the crickets) Doesn't that sound wonderful.

She (hearing the singing of the congregation in church)—yes, isn't it beautiful.

He—And to think they make those sounds by rubbing their hind legs together.—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald*.

A man came into a tobacco shop and bought a package of cigarettes. The clerk gave him his change, but the Scotsman (for such was his nationality) counted it and recounted it, hesitating so long and dubiously over it that the clerk said, "That's the right change, isn't it?" "Only just," said the Scotsman, walking sadly away.—*London Express*.

Hotel Guest—May I trouble you for the mustard?

Stranger—You might ask the waiter.

"Pardon me, I made a mistake."

"Did you take me for the waiter?"

"No, for a gentleman."—*Madrid Buen Humor*.

"Everything that can be said about the Einstein theory has been said," says a writer. Now, we suppose, some awful person will go and set it to music.—*Humorist*.

Rag-and-Bone Man (at back door)—Any old junk you want to get rid of, ma'am?

Housewife (eagerly)—Yes, come right in; my husband will be here in a minute.—*Detroit News*.

Every time we get thoroughly sold on the importance of staying on the job, somebody comes around and tells us we ought to "play more."—*Fort Wayne News-Sentinel*.

"What kind of a dress did Winnie wear to the party last night?"

"I can't remember. I think it was checked."

"You don't say! That must have been a real party."—*Book of Smiles*.

"I painted that sunset. I studied abroad."

"Ah, that accounts for it. I have never seen a sunset like that in this country."—*Berlin Brummer*.

Bro. Jim: "By the way, old man, do you believe in dreams?"

Bro. John: "You bet I do! One night about a month ago I dreamed an angel came to my bedside and said, 'Prepare for the worst.'"

Bro. Jim: "Well?"

Bro. John: "The next day our cook left and my wife has been doing the cooking ever since."—*Moose Journal*.

Policeman: You can't go there, miss, it's a one-way street.

Lady: But I only want to go one-way.

Daughter—The preacher just 'phoned and said he was coming to call this afternoon.

Mother—Gracious, we must make an impression; give baby the hymn book to play with.

The driver of a Ford sedan, who was plainly out of his element in city traffic, attempted to turn around in the middle of a block, and was side-swiped and upset by a hook and ladder fire truck on its way to answer a call.

Striding over to the overturned vehicle, a traffic officer poked his head through the broken window and demanded: "What do you mean by blocking traffic like this? C'mon outta there; you're pinched!"

"You let him alone!" said a female voice from the back seat. How did we know them drunken painters were going to run into us?"—*Goblin*.

A young lady entered the stationery store and asked for a pound tin of floor wax.

"I'm sorry, miss," said the clerk, "all we carry is sealing wax."

"Don't be silly," she snapt. "Who'd want to wax a ceiling?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Uncle Hiram—Did your boy break any records while he was at college?

Uncle Josiah—Yep, he broke a dozen or so, and then got mad and broke the phonograph.—*New Bedford Standard*.

Flapper—"Don't you speak to him any more?"

Ditto—"No! Whenever I pass him I give him the geological survey."

Flapper—"Geological survey?"

Ditto—"Yes, that's what is commonly known as the stony stare."

Irate Parent—"I'll teach you to make love to my daughter, sir."

Young Man—"I wish you would, old boy, I'm not making much headway."

—*Specialty Salesman Magazine*.

"Dear!"

With a glance she tried to cow him.

But he only looked sheepish.

"Puppy!" she exclaimed.

He choked—there was a frog in his throat. Then, realizing he had made an ass of himself by acting like a bear, he ducked.

Mr. Newlywed—"This blueberry pie tastes queer, dear."

Mrs. N. W.—"Perhaps I put too much bluing in it."



-now in every **Statler**

RADIO IN EVERY ROOM




Pleasing guests is more important at Statler-operated hotels than making quick profits. That's why hundreds of thousands of dollars have just been spent to equip every one of the 7,700 Statler rooms—in six cities—for radio reception of superlative quality. Choice of two carefully selected programs always available—without charge.

Plan your trip to be in a Statler over Sunday. You're sure of a pleasant week-end.

The organization of
Statler

There are Statler Hotels in:

BOSTON , **BUFFALO** (Hotel Statler and Hotel Buffalo) , **CLEVELAND** , **DETROIT**
ST. LOUIS , **NEW YORK** (Hotel Pennsylvania, Statler-Operated)

Hotels Statler

7700 ROOMS WITH BATH AND RADIO RECEPTION.
FIXED, UNCHANGING RATES POSTED IN ALL ROOMS.

Why try to Heat all Outdoors?

*You can reduce heat leakage,
save money and enjoy greater
year 'round home comfort in
a house built with Celotex*

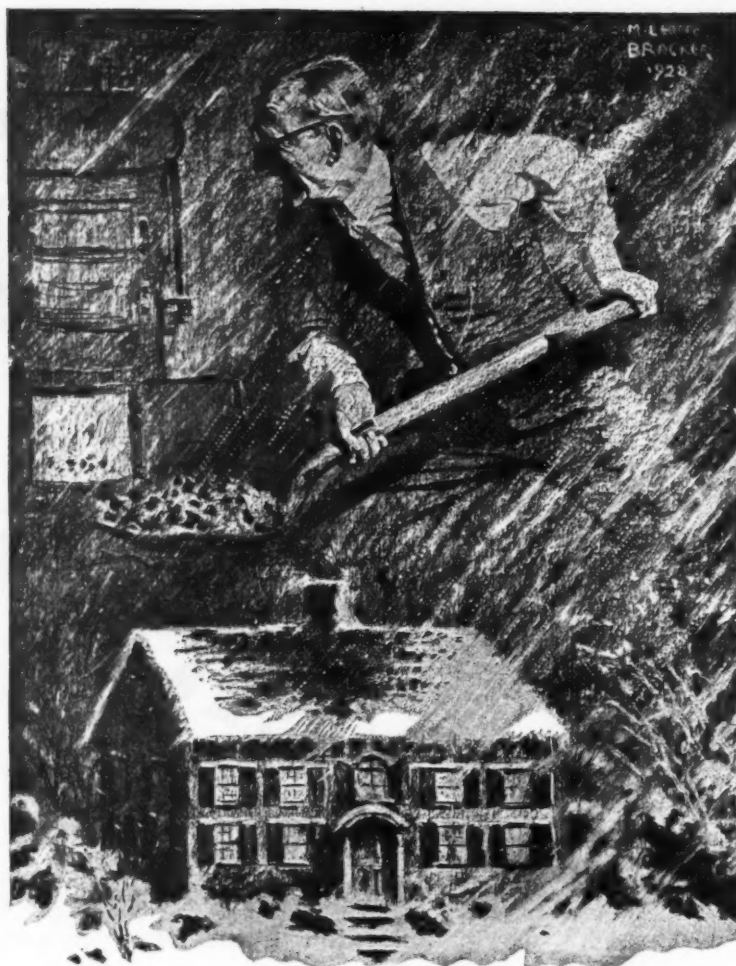
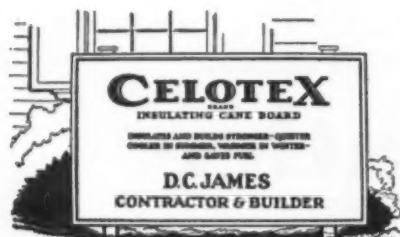
H EAT leaking roofs and walls waste fuel, create extra furnace labor, increase household worries. They cause discomfort and endanger health by making rooms cold, hallways draughty and floors chilly and damp.

Ordinary building materials do not offer enough resistance to this wasteful heat loss. A special material is required—one that has superior qualities of insulation.

After careful laboratory tests, scientists found the material best suited for insulation—long tough fibres of cane! These fibres have millions of tiny sealed air cells—just what is needed for retarding heat leakage and for keeping out extreme heat, cold and dampness.

Today these fibres are interlaced into strong durable boards of Celotex... boards that build as well as insulate—that replace other materials.

Everywhere Celotex Standard Building



Board is used for sheathing; for lining basements, attics and garages; for insulating roofs of old homes as well as new. Celotex Lath gives new beauty to plastered walls because it is designed to eliminate cracks and lath marks. And Celotex is used as insulation in thousands of refrigeration cars and in many household refrigerators.

Think of the new living comfort Celotex brings you... comfort undreamed of by other generations. Warm, evenly heated rooms in winter... cool, enjoy-

able living quarters in summer, even with an oven-baking temperature outside!

Find out all you can about this remarkable fuel-saving and comfort bringing material. Ask your contractor, architect and lumber dealer. Or write direct to us, and ask for the Celotex book, "Year 'Round Comfort and Fuel Saving".

The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal. All reliable lumber dealers can supply Celotex Building Board and Celotex Lath.

These Sections Are of Equal Insulation Value



Relative heat-stopping values

Cross-sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation back of wood, brick, plaster and concrete... As a heat stop, Celotex is 3 times as effective as wood; 8 times plasterboard; 12 times brick; 25 times concrete. (Data compiled from tests published by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers Guide, 1928)

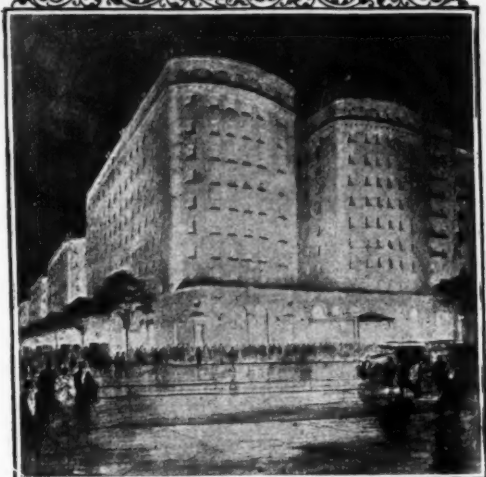
The word
CELOTEX
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
is the trademark of and
indicates manufacture by
The Celotex Company
Chicago, Ill.

*When you buy a house
look for this sign...
it is your assurance of
greater home comfort*

CELOTEX
BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD

CELOTEX IS THE ONLY INSULATION MADE FROM THE LONG TOUGH FIBRES OF CANE

The Mayflower



WASHINGTON'S FINEST HOTEL

An institution in keeping with the
beauty and grandeur of the
nation's Capital

You heard it on
the Radio

You want the
new Book

FACE TO FACE WITH OUR PRESIDENTS

By **JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE**

Handsomely Bound in Cloth. Over 200 Pages. Complete Script of
the Program On Twelve Presidents, Covering
Thirteen Administrations

MAIL AT ONCE

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
952 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Please check the number of copies desired.

Complete Series, bound in cloth. \$2.00

Grant	\$0.25	Cleveland (2nd adm.)	\$0.25
Hayes25	McKinley25
Garfield25	Roosevelt25
Arthur25	Wilson25
Cleveland (1st adm.)25	Taft25
Harrison25	Harding25
		Coolidge25

Name

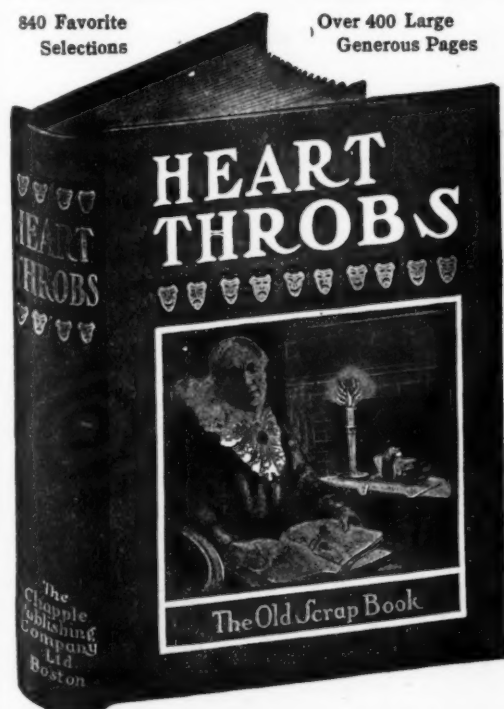
Street

City State

Heart Throbs

840 Favorite
Selections

Over 400 Large
Generous Pages



The most popular gift-book ever published. A
volume for the fireside and the quiet
evening hour

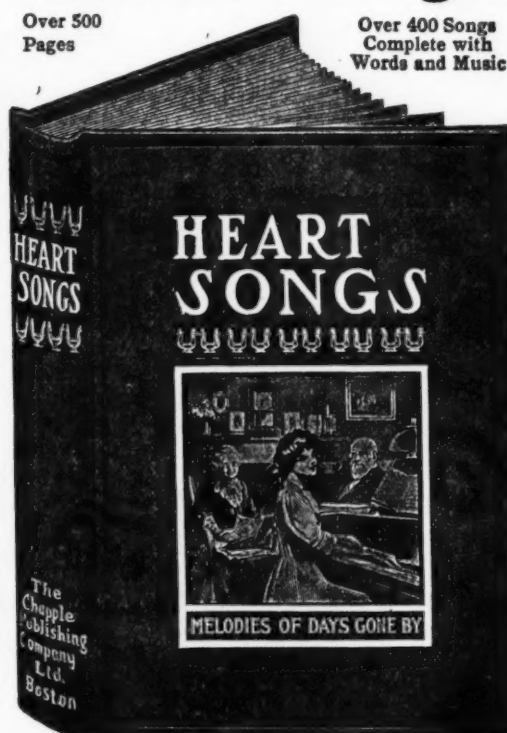
Price \$2.00

Limp Covers, Gilt Top, \$3.50

Heart Songs

Over 500
Pages

Over 400 Songs
Complete with
Words and Music



The volume with a soul!

The companion of the piano!

Price \$3.50

Use This Order Blank

Check the books you want

Heart Throbs, Vol. I	\$2.00
Heart Throbs, Vol. II	2.00
The Happy Habit	1.75
Heart Songs	3.50
Little Helps	2.00
A'top o' the World	1.50
History Making	1.75
The Poets' Lincoln	1.50
The Minor Chord	1.50
The Guest of Honor	1.50
Stick to the Finish	2.25
Warren G. Harding, Our After-War President	3.50
National Magazine	3.00
Vivid Spain	5.00
To Bagdad and Back	6.00
Our Jim	2.00
Lava	2.50
Favorite Heart Throbs	2.00

Date 192

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING Co.,
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed find \$, for
which send me by mail, prepaid,
the items I have checked above

Name

Street and No.

P. O. Box

R. F. D. Route

City State

CAUTION: Be sure to write
your name and street address
plainly.

NEW HADDON HALL IS READY

Old in hostship, new in luxurious rooms and appointments, Haddon Hall is ready. Its sleeping rooms, dining rooms, sports rooms, sun rooms, "Sandy Cove," a play room where the children are safe and happy, its beautiful lounging rooms—all these are ready, down to the last softly shaded light and the tiniest children's toy.

And the old friendly spirit that has long made Chalfonte-Haddon Hall famous still prevails.

With the ocean almost at the doors—wouldn't a few days' visit do you good? Write for literature and rates. Motoramp garage adjoins hotel.



CHALFONTE- HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

American and European Plans

Leeds and Lippincott Company

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., of National Magazine, published monthly at 952-956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass., required by the act of August 24, 1912.

Note—This statement is to be made in duplicate, and both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post-office.

Name of— Post-Office Address
Publisher, Chapple Publishing Company, limited, Boston, Mass.

Editor, Joe Mitchell Chapple, Dorchester, Mass.
Managing Editor, M. L. Osborne, Wollaston, Mass.
Business Manager, Will H. Chapple, Newton Highlands, Mass.

Owners: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd.; Joe M. Chapple, Boston, Mass.; Will H. Chapple, Newton Highlands, Mass.; John C. Chapple, Ashland, Wis.; Bennett Chapple, Middletown, Ohio; M. B. Chapple, Ashland, Wis.; Estate E. P. Sawyer, Oshkosh, Wis.; Estate C. F. Pfister, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. H. Thayer, Boston, Mass.

Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities; G. M. Dodge Estate, Council Bluffs, Iowa; W. H. Beck Estate, Washington, D. C.; J. G. Zeller, New York City, N. Y.; J. Ogden Armour Estate, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Adaline P. Choate, Oshkosh, Wis.; William Dodge, New York City, N. Y.; Brantford Trust Co., Brantford, Ont.; J. W. Cochran Estate, Ashland, Wis.; J. H. Strongman, New York City, N. Y.; Mrs. Florence E. Foster, Newton Highlands, Mass.

WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 14th day of October, 1929.

Lawrence S. Barse, Notary Public.
[Seal] (My commission expires September 5, 1935)



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. LVIII

OCTOBER, 1929

New Series No. 2

Items of Timely Interest

Affairs at Washington	33
<i>By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE</i>	
A Vendetta of the Hills	38
<i>By WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON</i>	
Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People	44
An Author Among the Cape Cod Folks	41
The Various Angles of "His Answer"	47
<i>By EUGENE P. LYLE, Jr.</i>	
Concerning A Philosopher of Contentment	52
C. K. Blandin's Busy Life Related In Deeds	53
"Our Jim"—A Biography	55
Adventures of the Desert Angel	58
<i>By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH</i>	
Tickleweed and Feathers	58

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Entered as second-class matter October, 1894, at the Postoffice, Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription Price \$3.00 a Year

25 Cents a Copy

* A subscription blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired
PRINTED BY THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1929, Chapple Publishing Company, Limited

BOOKS THAT NEVER GROW OLD!

Heart Throbs



A collection of rare bits of prose and poetry that have stood the test of time. Over 50,000 people joined in making this wonderful gift-book. 450 pages, bound in cloth and gold. Price, \$2.00 postpaid.

Heart Songs



A wonderful collection of music for the home—most every dear old song that lives in your memory is here—words and music, with simple arrangement and easy accomplishments. Price, \$3.50 postpaid.

At all booksellers or direct from CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON





GREAT WHITE FLEET

Caribbean Cruises

WHEN you plan to cruise southward this winter, think of the romance and history that clusters round every port of call in the Golden Caribbean.

... and your memories of the past are made more enjoyable by the luxurious comforts of the present. For Great White Fleet ships are built especially for tropical cruising. Every room is an outside room open to views of sea and sky; food served is equal in variety and quality to that served in any first-class hotel.

... and there is a fine degree of personal service that makes good the slogan of the Great White Fleet—"Every Passenger a Guest."

*Sailings from New York and
New Orleans twice every
week in the year*

Great White Fleet Cruises to the Caribbean carry only first-class passengers and every detail for their comfort and amusement—hotel accommodations, motor trips ashore, railroad journeys, sight-seeing jaunts are all carefully planned in advance—and everything is included in the price you pay for your ticket.

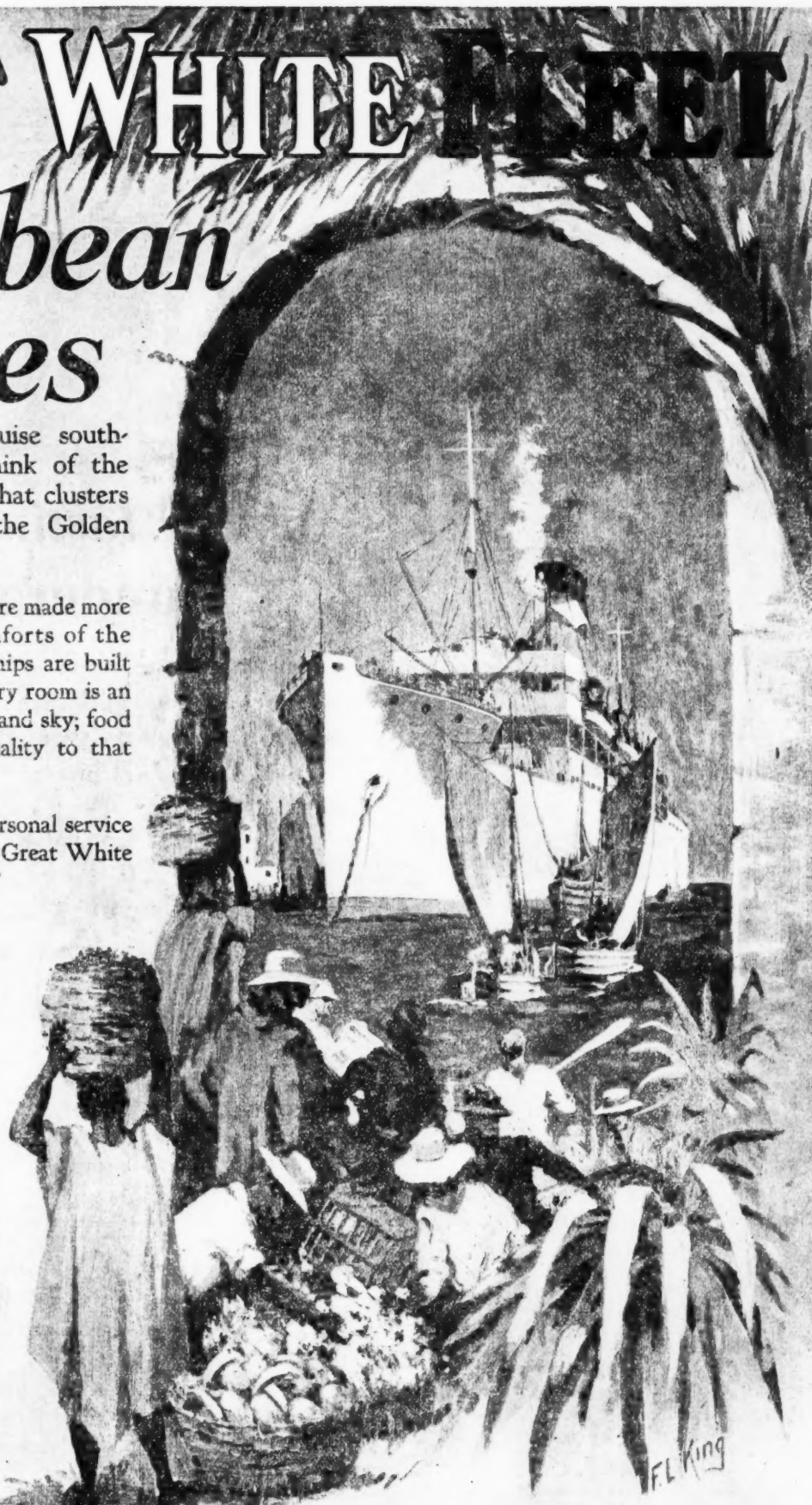
Address Passenger Department

United Fruit Company

Room 1650

17 Battery Place, New York City

Write for beautiful booklet "Caribbean Cruises" and leaflets giving full details of Winter Cruises to the Caribbean.



10 to 24-Day Cruises to

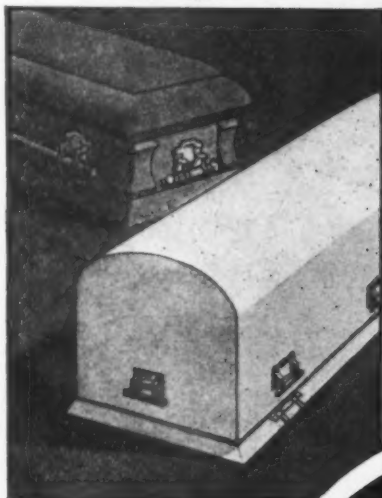
Cuba Havana	Jamaica Port Antonio Kingston	Panama Canal Zone Cristobal	Costa Rica Port Limon	Colombia Cartagena Puerto Colombia Santa Marta	Guatemala Puerto Barrios Guatemala City	British Honduras Belize	Spanish Honduras Puerto Cortez Puerto Castilla Tela
----------------	-------------------------------------	-----------------------------------	--------------------------	---	---	----------------------------	--



It's both expensive and troublesome to have to dig up an oil storage tank for repairs. Make sure that yours will resist rust and underground corrosion for years to come by insisting on ARMCO Ingot Iron.

For *lasting* service underground...

Caskets and grave vaults of ARMCO Ingot Iron insure lasting protection. Leading manufacturers identify their products made of ARMCO Ingot Iron with a neat label.



Rely on ARMCO Ingot Iron for underground metal work that must last through the years. No other low-cost metal

offers such long-time resistance to rust and to the corrosive action of the acids and alkalis found in soils.

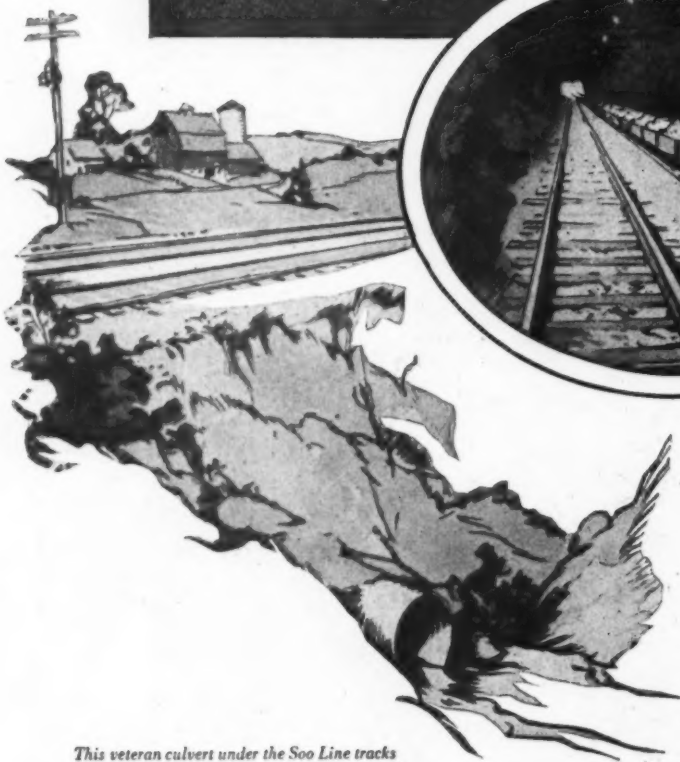
That is because ARMCO Ingot Iron is the purest iron made. It is practically free from the foreign elements that hasten rust in less pure iron and steel.

Look for the famous ARMCO TRIANGLE on all products made of sheet or plate metal. It is your assurance of enduring protection and service.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
Export—The Armco International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"



Wet coal, acid mine moisture and rough handling reduced the life of steel cars in the mines of the Upland Coal & Coke Co. to an average of 6½ years. They changed to ARMCO Ingot Iron and now find that their cars average 9½ years... a 46% increase in life. Yet the extra cost of the ARMCO Ingot Iron cars was only 4%.



This veteran culvert under the Soo Line tracks near Drake, North Dakota, shows no sign of deterioration after 19 years of service. The ARMCO TRIANGLE marking is still visible!

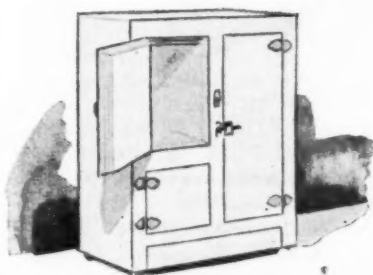


ARMCO
INGOT IRON
RESISTS RUST

Cabinet heaters made of ARMCO Ingot Iron last longer and take a finer finish. Look for the ARMCO TRIANGLE put on them by their makers.



How to be SURE of longer service from products made of metal



The finest ice and mechanical refrigerators are made of durable ARMCO Ingot Iron, and are so labeled.

METAL products look a good deal alike. You can't tell by their appearance whether they will rust quickly or give you years of care-free service.

But there is a way to make sure of rust-resistance and long wear, before you buy such products!

The manufacturers who use rust-resisting pure iron are marking their products with the famous ARMCO TRIANGLE.

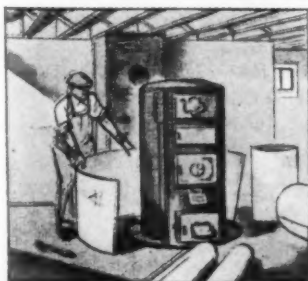
Look for this mark. It is your assurance of the best material-

value that money can buy. ARMCO Ingot Iron is unequalled in resisting rust and corrosion because it is the purest iron made. It is practically free from the foreign elements that hasten rust in other low-cost metals.

Be sure of getting nothing less than ARMCO Ingot Iron wear and service by insisting on products marked with the ARMCO TRIANGLE.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

Export—The Armco International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"



Furnaces themselves, as well as their casings and pipes, are now being manufactured of ARMCO Ingot Iron.

Dryers and washing machines resist rust better when made of ARMCO Ingot Iron.



The ARMCO TRIANGLE is shown on labels which identify products made of genuine ARMCO Ingot Iron.



Look for this sign when there's sheet metal work to be done. It is your guide to a long-lasting, low-cost job.

ARMCO INGOT IRON RESISTS RUST

Why try to Heat all Outdoors?

*You can reduce heat leakage,
save money and enjoy greater
year 'round home comfort in
a house built with Celotex*

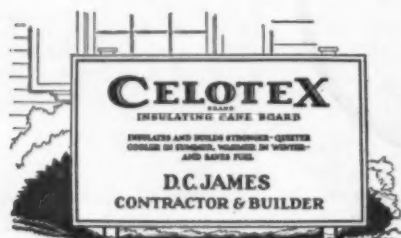
H EAT leaking roofs and walls waste fuel, create extra furnace labor, increase household worries. They cause discomfort and endanger health by making rooms cold, hallways draughty and floors chilly and damp.

Ordinary building materials do not offer enough resistance to this wasteful heat loss. A special material is required—one that has superior qualities of *insulation*.

After careful laboratory tests, scientists found the material best suited for insulation—long tough fibres of cane! These fibres have millions of tiny sealed air cells—just what is needed for retarding heat leakage and for keeping out extreme heat, cold and dampness.

Today these fibres are interlaced into strong durable boards of Celotex... boards that build as well as *insulate*—that *replace* other materials.

Everywhere Celotex Standard Building



Board is used for sheathing; for lining basements, attics and garages; for insulating roofs of old homes as well as new. Celotex Lath gives new beauty to plastered walls because it is designed to eliminate cracks and lath marks. And Celotex is used as insulation in thousands of refrigeration cars and in many household refrigerators.

Think of the new living comfort Celotex brings you... comfort undreamed of by other generations. Warm, evenly heated rooms in winter... cool, enjoy-

able living quarters in summer, even with an oven-baking temperature outside!

Find out all you can about this remarkable fuel-saving and comfort bringing material. Ask your contractor, architect and lumber dealer. Or write direct to us, and ask for the Celotex book, "Year 'Round Comfort and Fuel Saving".

The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal. All reliable lumber dealers can supply Celotex Building Board and Celotex Lath.

These Sections Are of Equal Insulation Value



Relative heat-stopping values

Cross-sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation back of wood, brick, plaster and concrete... As a heat stop, Celotex is 3 times as effective as wood; 8 times plasterboard; 12 times brick; 25 times concrete. (Data compiled from tests published by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers Guide, 1928)

The word
CELOTEX
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
is the trademark of and
indicates manufacture by
The Celotex Company
Chicago, Ill.

*When you buy a house
look for this sign...
it is your assurance of
greater home comfort*

CELOTEX

BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD

CELOTEX IS THE ONLY INSULATION MADE FROM THE LONG TOUGH FIBRES OF CANE